

STORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 12, No. 15 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Proprietors
Office—36 Adelaide Street West. }

TORONTO, CANADA, FEB. 25, 1899.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$2.) Whole No. 587

Things in General.

THANK GOD the Canadian High Commissioners have come home from Washington unembarrassed by any one-sided agreement with their United States conferees. No one in this country hoped for anything except to get out of the scrap uninjured. When our Commissioners went into the thing we knew that they would have to deal with those who would insist on getting the best of it or doing nothing. The probable result struck us all as likely to be much the same as an experience a couple of collectors had who made a visit to the house of a real estate agent. The man who waited on the outside was delighted to see his friend reappear. "Did you get anything?" he whispered. "No," said the other fellow, "but I am in blamed good luck all the same; I got out without buying a house and lot." When our Commissioners went to deal with Uncle Sam they were in good luck to get away with their clothes and without having made a bargain which would impoverish or ruin them or their clients.

That the Commission found their "insuperable obstacle" in an international rather than on a trade question is gratifying to Canadians, for it makes certain that Great Britain will understand that the months of patient waiting which our Commissioners put in were not spent in haggling over free lumber, but in attempting the settlement of questions which might bring the two nations into antagonism. We would have been indeed fortunate if such irritating questions could have been forever laid aside, but insomuch as the United States has shown a disposition to ignore every precedent just instinct in settling international matters, we can afford to drop the negotiations and look after our own trade business without reference to our neighbors or anyone else who thinks that they should in a "dicker" do both the buying and selling and dictate the terms of payment.

In demanding the terms which the United States insisted upon they proved that they were not diplomats, but footpads. Their terms were the terms of highwaymen, and no honest Canadian will read their demands without his face reddening with shame. We have been negotiating with these people as if they had some reminiscences of honesty left in them. The best people we could send to them were forced to listen for month after month to these iniquitous demands, these things which in their own polities, if proposed by themselves in their own affairs, would be considered so shameless that no man could remain in public life after whispering them to his constituents. Fortunately it has been made evident that this long-suffering of our Commissioners was not so much devoted to trying to get any trade advantages, as in endeavoring to obtain international justice. Let us give thanks that it was not made necessary to prolong our national existence by yielding to such unscrupulous propositions. It would be better for Canada to pass out of life even half-formed and as a young nation, than to remain on the map as the thing which the United States thought it to be.

The *Globe*, as the official organ of the Liberal party, is quite right in its moderate expression of opinion with regard to this matter. Moreover, it is to be hoped that the Opposition press will not seek to damage our representatives while attempting to make party capital out of the refusal of a proposition which no self-respecting public or private citizen could accept.

Canadians do not need to be taught the lesson of the grasping, self-assertive and protective selfishness of the United States. It is to be hoped that Great Britain has learned it. Canadians know that they can secure all the pressing trade advantages which they desired, by legislation. Our Commissioners have not been begging for favors the equivalent of which by tariff law they can exact. Such humiliation as we may feel in connection with the negotiations we can accept as evidences offered to Great Britain that we were willing to make sacrifices for her sake. Such evidence as we need with regard to our own self-containment and commercial plans, we can offer when the representatives of the people meet in Parliament.

It cannot be said that we are offering reprisals if we copy their statutes. It cannot be said that we are quietly submitting to indignities if we insist that their terms with us shall be our terms with them.

As an evidence of how harm can be done to the trade of a country I have been shown a letter from the tea-growing districts of Asia saying that shipments to Canada and business with this country have been seriously injured by a report which was cabled from Canada to the London *Times*, and from there was cabled to Japan, saying that five per cent duty was to be imposed on tea to make up the deficit caused by the lowering of the postal rate to two cents in the Dominion. All the readers of the *Mail and Empire*, which is credited with having originated this story, will probably remember the predictions that duty would have to be imposed on tea in order to make up the postal deficit. This was accepted as a fact by some witless correspondent of the London *Times* and cabled to that paper. As everything that appears in the *Times* is supposed to be true, it was re-cabled to Yokohama and the damage was done. Would it not be well for the *Mail and Empire* to restrain its prophetic impulses? The story in itself had no truth, and the prophecy was an idiotic one at best. A Government which has a surplus is not likely to put on new taxes; and whether new taxes are to be imposed or not, it would be well to wait for the Government to announce the imposition of the tax before chronicling it. Governments in this country are not in the habit of announcing their tariff before they fix it, though it is said that a Minister who is now in private life once made quite a little speech of prematurely using his information. Unless the *Mail and Empire* is ready to make the charge that some Minister is announcing to the world what the Government is going to do, it would be a good deal wiser for it to keep still.

In connection with another statement made by the same paper that the postal deficit for January would be \$70,000, I venture to predict that it will not be a third of that sum, even though the domestic and British postal rates have been lowered to such a great extent. The *Mail* has announced that it will be \$70,000. Is it willing to assert that it will be \$25,000 and back up its assertion in any tangible way? If it is not, it should drop the subject or talk facts.

PRESIDENT LOUBET, who now rules France, is facing some of the difficulties which at once confront the exponent of a republican form of government. He is being reviled and ridiculed because he wears carpet slippers at home, delights in garlic in his food, and is not always careful to eat properly into a cuspidore. No doubt a man without these peculiarities would better please the Royalists, but as a matter of fact it is unimportant to the nation which is made prosperous by just and honest and able government, whether or not the President is punctilious in small matters. France has arrived at the point where it will have to choose between the commonplace man who tries to do the really good thing, and the nobly born pretender to the empire who is apt to care nothing for the people if he can only find a seat on the imperial dais. Republican government just now is not in very good odor. The United States, which did most to spread the idea that "government of the people for the people and by the people" was possible, is proving that a nation cannot have amicable relations with foreign countries if it permits local cliques and little *coterie*s of people who have a common financial interest, to sit astride of its presidents or diplomats. The United States is rapidly arriving at that condition of militarism and fondness for putting halos on the heads of men who are unfit to wear them,

which has always characterized France. The military spirit of France, if it once becomes triumphant, will doubtless put a harlequin emperor on the throne; and if in the United States the same mad impulse becomes dominant it will elect a President who will wreck either the people or the trusts, ensuring revolution in either case.

Fortunately for France, the people can tell whether a man is true to a cause or not. Unfortunately for the United States, there are so many pretenders, so many candidates for high public places, so many opportunities for dangerous people to obtain extraordinary power, that from this time out there will not be a moment of safety.

Republican government is a beautiful theory, but experience has proved that when worked to its logical conclusion it is a diplomatic impossibility and is almost invariably made the machine of the corruptest elements. Unfortunately for the republican form of government, there is someone always waiting to reverse the policy of the one in charge, and it would seem that France and the United States and the petty republics of Central and South America are all in the same boat. While different elements threaten different governments, the instability and danger of them all are equally apparent.

CANADA is the only great country which is practically a republic without suffering from the dangers of the republican system. If Canadians would only unite in the face of a common foe and in partnership with an almost omnipotent mother, this country would make such extraordinary progress that the next generation would hardly remember that the country was in existence before it was officially informed by its neighbors that it possessed no rights which anybody was bound to respect. This country has rights which it is not only bound

naturally a very close constituency, yet it indicates that the people have not yet been convinced that the change from the Conservative Government to the present Administration was unwise or that the Liberals are "too rotten." The Conservatives in their candidate had a stronger personality in many respects than was possessed by the frontispiece of the Liberals. Mr. Holmes, however, the Liberal candidate, could make a speech and talk so as not to be a death-blow to those who heard him. Mr. McLean, who seems to be an exceedingly good fellow, should have been suppressed as a platform speaker early in the game, for he did not seem to know where he lived.

The most instructive feature of the campaign, however, is to be found in the unexpected juxtaposition of Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., "ably supported by Hon. Dr. Montague," as was announced on the bills. West Huron was a constituency into which Dr. Montague should not have been interjected. In fact, I am not very sure of any place outside of his own house or a mining board consisting of his friends, where it is safe for Dr. Montague to do any talking lest he damage the cause which it is claimed he so "ably" represents. If Hon. N. C. Wallace had been asked up to help the Conservative party in West Huron something might have been done, but it is quite evident that Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., who organized New Brunswick, "ably assisted" in obliterating the Conservative party in that province by Hon. George E. Foster, is writing Ontario off the Conservative list. If "Uncle Charlie" Tupper goes around a little longer he won't have more than a tea-meeting crowd to greet him, even if he did have a great reception at a Smoking Concert on Wednesday night. He may desire to preserve some of the old effigies of the Conservative party in Ontario, but if he works as he appears to be working he will have this collection of mummies in his little mausoleum, where, as the century winds up its clock, he will

an Opposition measure with himself as the measure of the Opposition. If he meant what he said and if the people appreciated the proposition as he presented it, Mr. Foster cannot with any decency present himself in Parliament as a member of an Opposition which his county has so overwhelmingly repudiated.

THE following editorial appeared in the *Evening Telegram* of the 16th inst. It is but a repetition of many editorials which have appeared, together with clippings from country newspapers endorsing the "courageous and noble stand" which the *Telegram* has taken.

THE BADGE OF SLAVERY.

The Canadian Press Association met and adjourned without taking notice of the Grand Trunk Railway's insolent attempt to bully newspapers into surrendering control of their editorial and news columns or else doing without Grand Trunk advertising.

Every newspaper which prints a Grand Trunk Railway advertisement under the new form of contracts admits that such an advertisement is a bribe to prevent unfair criticism of that railway.

Toronto journals which pose as the palladiums of the people's liberty are so hungry for advertising that they accept the Grand Trunk Railway contracts, red ink amendments and all, in order to secure advertisements which are the badges of their degradation.

AS SATURDAY NIGHT, together with nearly every other city newspaper of any standing, is publishing the Grand Trunk Railway Company's advertisement, it cannot remain quiescent under the charge of wearing the "badge of degradation." The following item printed in italics represents the red lines printed across the contract which so outrages the virtue of the *Telegram*: "This contract is made in consideration that the newspaper accepting same will not unfairly or unjustly criticize the Grand Trunk Railway System when dealing with matters in which that railway is concerned; otherwise the contract is subject to cancellation at any time."

When this contract was received by the advertising manager of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT the following letter was written, which is thoroughly business-like and certainly bears no badge of slavery across it. Quite properly the advertising manager stated that SATURDAY NIGHT had no disposition to "unfairly or unjustly criticize" the Grand Trunk Railway or anybody else, and for that reason the red lines of the contract had no meaning except that they might be made an excuse for withdrawing the advertisement without paying the current rate for the period during which it was inserted. Following is the letter:

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO., Limited.
Publishers of
TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Mr. M. C. Dickson, D.P.A., G. T. Ry. System, Union Station, City.

DEAR SIR,—In reference to your Company's blank form of advertising contract handed to our advertising representative, across which is printed in red ink the sentence: "This contract is made in consideration that the newspaper accepting same will not unfairly or unjustly criticize the Grand Trunk Railway or anybody else," and for that reason the red lines of the contract had no meaning except that they might be made an excuse for withdrawing the advertisement without paying the current rate for the period during which it was inserted. Following is the letter:

We desire to say that SATURDAY NIGHT has no disposition to unfairly or unjustly criticize the Grand Trunk Railway or anybody else; and consequently we will have no hesitation in accepting your order with the above condition attached if there is to be appointed a disinterested judge as to whether we are unfair or not, or with the following stipulation, and that is: Should your Company desire to cancel the order at any time, that they will pay us the rates which are in force on this paper together with double the amount that the advertiser has appeared. That is to say, that we could not allow the yearly rate paid by your Company desire to cancel the order, say, at the end of three months, but would require the three months' rate to prevail. Our rates for the space occupied by you last year are as follows:

Three months	\$ 30.00
Six months	60.00
Twelve months	100.00

We hope you will be able to meet us in this matter, and soliciting the favor of your esteemed order.

We are yours truly,
THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO., Limited.

JOHN A. HARKINS, Advertising Manager.

Following is Mr. Dickson's memo, together with the contract bearing the postscript, "This contract is made in accordance with your letter to me of January 18th as per copy attached."

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENT'S OFFICE.

TORONTO, January 30, 1899.

MR. J. A. HARKINS,
Advertising Manager, "Saturday Night," Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—I return herewith copy of contract with your paper for 1899.

Yours truly,
M. C. DICKSON, D.P.A.

Grand Trunk Railway System.
(Reg. 98 980)

189 ADVERTISING CONTRACT NO. 124
(Duplicate)

The undersigned proposes to insert in SATURDAY NIGHT, published at Toronto, Ont., the advertisement or reading notice of Grand Trunk Railway System, a copy furnished containing 40 lines, to be changed as required, for \$180 for the sum of one hundred dollars payable in monthly cash payments (Account to be rendered monthly) and agree that a copy of each issue will be sent to W. E. Davis, General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Grand Trunk Railway System, at Montreal, and another copy to M. C. Dickson, D.P.A., Toronto.

Dated January 1st, 1899.

This contract is made in accordance with your letter to me of January 18th, as per copy attached.

All this seems to be a good deal of private business with which the public have no interest, but it is impossible for a newspaper like SATURDAY NIGHT, which prides itself on not being the slave of any party, sect or corporation, to be grouped in a supposititious band of newspapers which permit a railroad company to dictate their editorial policy. Fortunately SATURDAY NIGHT has but one rate for all companies and individuals, and is not at all ashamed to make public any transaction in which it is engaged. Now that the facts have all been presented I think I have a right to enquire where the *Telegram* stands in this connection. It has been abusing its contemporaries for yielding to the Grand Trunk temptation, while it, the dear virtuous thing, is a model for all the rest of the newspapers of the country to imitate. I will admit that the red lines across the Grand Trunk contract do not seem to me in good taste, and by many may be construed as showing very bad judgment. Nevertheless, it is not the part of a newspaper to criticize the bluffs which are put up by advertisers. The advertiser has a right to choose the mediums which he employs, and dictate, as far as he is able to, the terms of the agreement. Where the *Telegram* is distinctly wrong is in believing that every other paper is venal but itself. No doubt all the other newspapers have used their own judgment with regard to accepting the Grand Trunk's contract, and no doubt the red lines have been crossed off a great many of the agreements, if not all of them. But if the red lines were not crossed off, why should the angel of virtue in the *Telegram* office take so much offence at it? The paragraph simply insists that the newspaper accepting it "will not unfairly or unjustly criticize the Grand Trunk Railway system." Why should anybody object to that? It is not a newspaper's business to unfairly or unjustly criticize anybody, nor should it be any part of the moral code of a gentleman or a newspaper to insist that he or it shall be at liberty to be untruthful or unfair when making remarks about either a neighbor or a big corporation.

SATURDAY NIGHT properly guarded itself by asking that if that clause was to remain on the contract an impartial judge should be appointed or else the short date prices shall be enforced if the contract is cancelled before its expiration. This is simply business, and clean business, and the *Telegram*'s attempt to make capital out of its refusal of it simply proves that the



M. LOUBET,
The Newly Elected President of France.

to respect, but to develop and protect. The work can only be done by a united people. If our neighbors think we are divided and that a little republican manipulation may accomplish what neither loyalty to the Empire nor patriotism with regard to Canada could consider tolerable, then we will be subjected to sedition and interference, and we will suspect one another when we ought to be united in opposing the one whose motives and methods can no longer be considered so ambiguous as to be a matter of suspicion or toleration.

The Conservative party, if it only recognizes the fact, must act as the Liberal party has done in England when the Empire has been threatened by outsiders. It almost lost its identity, but the Empire gained in stature what the political party lost. That so long as there are foreign embroilments we must have no domestic divisions, has been the motto of those who controlled the Great Islands which were the birthplace of so many of the ancestors of Canadians. We have it here so arranged by the fate which governs the making of nations that French as well as English, Scotch and Irish and dozen other nationalities must declare whether there be any other tie stronger than that which binds us to the compact of Confederation and loyalty to the Empire in which we have so conspicuous, influential, and such a controlling position.

I am convinced that this is a fortunate condition for the Canadian people to discover themselves as now occupying. Practically there is no organized Opposition to the Government. No sane person imagines that a strong Opposition can be created by a section of our community which tries to prove to the United States that the Government of Canada is insane. The only fear that we can have in this regard is that there are some politicians insane enough to imagine that by attacking the Commission they can cover themselves with anything but infamy.

ACURATE, so the story goes, meeting a little boy on Sunday morning asked him how he was. The little fellow touched his hat and replied, "Not too rotten." After West Huron the Liberal party can very well afford to touch its hat to the passerby and declare that it is "not too rotten." When with some thirty-five or six by-elections it has carried nearly all of them, and while it is no great evidence of strength that a riding like West Huron should be retained even though it is

have the glorious and undisputed privilege of telling survivors that 'twas he created the earth and would have had the running of it if he had not gone away visiting in the Old Country for a spell.

THE remarkable prosperity which has everywhere evinced itself of late in Canada, is illustrated by the advance in values on Yonge street, Toronto. A year ago Mr. Treble leased the store at the corner of King and Yonge streets for a term of ten years at a rental then thought to be very large. Last week he transferred his lease to the Grand Trunk, and for the next nine years will enjoy an annual profit of from \$1,800 to \$2,000.

THE provincial elections in New Brunswick must have startled Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., and his lieutenant, Mr. Foster. As I remarked a couple of weeks ago, the operations of these gentlemen in organizing the Dominion by provinces so as to gain a total Conservative majority have not been fortunate. Sir Charles Tupper, Jr., organized British Columbia, and the only Conservative Government in a province of the Dominion was beaten. In Ontario Mr. Whitney had had no noticeable success in co-operating with Sir Charles Tupper to organize a Conservative majority in this province. In the North-West Territories, where Hon. Mr. Haultain holds power, he does it practically by the consent of the Liberals, though he himself professes to be a Conservative. In New Brunswick, where Sir Charles Tupper and Mr. Foster did such clever organizing, the Emerson Government has been sustained and the Conservatives practically wiped out of existence. York County, which Mr. Foster represents, and which gave him a majority in the neighborhood of a thousand, has turned the Conservatives down by about seventeen hundred. Mr. Foster announced when speaking in that county, which he represents and which he probably thought he owned, that the chief question before the electors was confidence in the Dominion Government, and that the vote would show whether or not the electors believed in Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his supporters. The answer has been given in such a startlingly loud tone of voice that even Mr. Foster must have heard it with surprise, and no doubt with sorrow. Mr. Foster practically made York County

virtue of its advertising columns is something which has itself to be advertised in order to have its existence recognized. If asked I will point out some advertisements in its columns which under the new police regulations of England might have to be withdrawn. One of the leading medical newspapers of Canada has called attention to this class of advertising, which SATURDAY NIGHT has consistently refused to accept. The articles advertised are either an incentive to crime or a fraud, yet this super-virtuous newspaper continues to insert them.

I dislike to invade the business of other newspapers, but they invite inspection when they put on these airs of empty tin-can virtue. If those who are anxious to throw stones at other newspapers would first become possessed of the facts and then dispossess themselves of objectionable features, they might fairly make a fight. As it is, I think that we can afford to drop the subject, quite confident that the *Telegram* will also drop it after having its attention called to the glass in its own house that is likely to be broken by those who see fit to throw stones.

A MR. WATSON came through from Ottawa to Toronto in a Pullman car a couple of weeks ago, and excited no special notice on the part of the passengers or train men. Had it been known what journey he was about taking and just about to complete, everyone on the train would have been anxious to see him and perhaps might have so bothered him as to have kept him from going to bed or reaching his destination. Interest is always excited in those who are going afar, and the anxiety to see such a traveler is doubled when it is thoroughly understood that he will have no possibility of returning. Mr. Watson's traveling-bag and dressing-case indicated nothing more than the belongings of a gentleman going from one city to another, and his demeanor was so quiet and unostentatious as to permit him to pass almost unnoticed. This must be a pleasant experience for a traveler, for it is obviously an annoyance to be asked about the new country to which you are going, but with which you are necessarily unfamiliar, the means you intend to get there, and what like you expect to find the comforts and inhabitants after arriving. The majority of circumstances surrounding this especial journey lead us to believe that Mr. Watson himself was unaware of there being any mystery connected with his journeying, or the slightest doubt as to the safety, comfort and success of the projected trip. He consulted no time-tables, betrayed no anxiety as to whether the train would arrive on time, and was not continually asking how often he must change cars or as to whether the inns he would have to put up at would be found endurable.

In the morning it was found that Mr. Watson was dead. Beyond all ordinary calculations he had been a through passenger. As the wheels hummed along the rails and made that strange little clicking note as they passed over each riveted joint, he thought, without doubt, as we all think, of the past with its little trials, which prove so unimportant, the future with its promotions, which are always more or less unsatisfactory, and as the whistle of the engine sounded in village, wood, or fallow, perhaps the memory came to him, as it does to so many of us who were born on the farm, of the snow-clad fields and the drifted crossings past which he sped. Perhaps, as with others who have traveled by night, a little line of light shone down between the interstices of the curtains, making fanciful patterns on the blanket, while every now and then as the train rushed past a signal-light there was a flash, a rumble over the switch at a junction where roads diverge—or meet, as we happen to take it—and then again the long clicking evenness where, when sleepless, we can count the rails and, adding them together, reckon the miles. Thousands of us can recollect going to sleep in a Pullman car under these circumstances, but not one of us has had his experience, for he failed to awake.

I have often listened to the heavy train groaning over a trestle or a bridge when mountains, forests, rivers and rocks seemed to groan at the thought of such a reckless invasion of nature's fastnesses. I have lain awake to hear men bustling about digging mud and snow from the track, have heard the rain and sleet beat on the coach, the passengers whispering their enquiries as to what was wrong, and have thought what a little thing separates us all from a solution of the great mystery beyond. However, to the through passenger of whom I speak there came nothing but the slight indications that the train was moving, and perhaps the thought that on the morrow the world would be just the same, affording no more happiness, perchance providing no more misery—then sleep. In the newspapers and amongst friends the sudden exit of such a robust man as Mr. Watson was, is spoken of as a sad cutting off in the prime of life of one who had all the world before him. We think this is kind of us to pretend, and we lower our speech and subdue our breathing to indicate that it is depressing to us to think what the world has lost and what the nation has failed to remain to enjoy. As a matter of fact we think no such thing. Nearly every bus, tired man mentally whispers to himself, "May it be as easy for me." After the day's hard fight we rejoice to reach the car and journey homeward and to lie down in peace, our tickets, as far as this world is concerned, in the hands of the porter: our arrival, as our exit, unheralded as we slip from city to city, and are content if the journey be unbroken and we are unfretted by the clamor of those who would direct us, and free from the discordant din of those moral, commercial and too real hackmen who shout at us, not that we may go right, but that we may go their way.

ONE point with regard to the British High Commission has not yet been discussed. Canada sent Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Louis Davies, Sir Richard Cartwright and Mr. Charlton to Washington. Is it not to be presumed that these gentlemen would pick up some points about politics and tariffs while arguing with the best men that the United States could put up against them? Canadians should have reason to believe that their representatives will come back with a better knowledge of how to deal with our neighbors than has been possessed by any of our statesmen heretofore. They have had time to learn the nature of the animal and make mental notes of all the tricks he performs. Surely our legislation hereafter should show that the Canadian Commissioners in Washington while they did not get any treaty, got such a firm and unforgettable lesson in United States tariff-making and treaty-making that in future we may proceed quite comfortably in the belief that our people are well posted and able to play the game as it is played by those who go right.

THE regrettable death of Mr. R. W. Jameson, Member of Parliament for Winnipeg, gives us another glimpse at the strange vicissitudes of life. Whether Mr. Jameson died because he had planned his death or whether he died by accident will always remain a mystery, but the mystery will be densest to those who knew Mr. Jameson best and would reckon him the last man to force his own death. Public life has lost a good man and private life is poorer and a family sadder by his removal. Politically the gap in Winnipeg will be the occasion of another fight, for the Conservative party will fight until its last gasp in the constituency, and this vacancy will probably offer them occasion for giving that delicate tribute to a fate which they are unable to overcome.

The Newspaper Club.

BEING AN ORGANIZATION OF CERTAIN ACTIVE NEWSPAPER-WRITERS OF TORONTO AND OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS FOR THE PURPOSE OF HOLDING WEEKLY MEETINGS IN THIS COLUMN TO SETTLE BY CUMULATIVE DISCUSSION SEVERAL OUT-STANDING AND VEXED QUESTIONS.

What Does Canada Need Most?

What Canada wants most is a greater common fund of disinterested citizenship. We hear a great deal about patriotism, but it is chiefly of a spectacular kind. You will find men very ready to denounce the "damn Yankees," whose patriotism is entirely of that kind. The patriotism that consists of hatred of another country rather than love of your own is a decidedly second-class article. The type of patriot that Canada wants is he who is prepared every once in a while to do a day's work for the State without any ulterior designs on the custom-house, postoffice or inland revenue. He would not think that because he had given a candidate his vote, and perhaps acted

for a few hours as scrutineer, the said candidate was forever under an enormous obligation to him and bound to exercise vigilance day and night to secure him a Government job. What Canada wants is a population that is not looking for Government jobs, and this applies to the candidate as well as to the voter. What Canada wants is to elect as representatives men who would not be under a feeling of favor to anything or any person except to their own conscience. We want representatives whose souls do not blanch at the thought of offending the party boss, and electors who will uphold the hand of such a representative. We want more individuality; more thinking for ourselves. If our representatives were of the right stuff, the electors would be under obligations to them, not to the electors. As it is now, if a man is seen active on election day the question is, what is he after? The idea that he was merely doing his plain duty as a citizen would never occur to anybody. "I've worked for the party for ten years," you will hear a man say, "and never got the price of a biscuit for it!" Why should you get the price of a biscuit for it? If you feel that it is a good thing that your neighbor, who is bigger and stronger than you, is not allowed to come into your house and after knocking you down help himself to your coals and potatoes, then you ought to be prepared occasionally to do a day's work to maintain the social contract that prevents such high-handed proceedings in as great a state of perfection as possible. If that portion of the community would take its proper part in affairs the heelers would be crowded out or reformed. The Canadian Club should give its attention to this. It is, I understand, composed of young men of both parties. On election day these young fellows should turn out, and their employers should give them the opportunity of doing so, and man the polling-booths as scrutineers, etc., without any feeling that anybody was under an obligation to them for the work done. They had merely performed a small part of the sacred duties of citizenship. When Canada has reached this stage everything else will come to her.

The extinct non-seeker—C. Political naturalists declare that in Canada the man who does not want public office is, like the dodo, an extinct species. In early days the country possessed some fine specimens of the race, but they inhabited the remoter parts and withered away before the advancing tide of civilization. When railways brought to the pioneer settler an easy access to the politician, the surviving remnant of non-seekers for office soon perished miserably. I believe Canada's greatest need is to revive this race of men. It would provide us with a number of persons who could devote their whole energy and talent to their own trade, business or profession. As matters stand, public offices are continually falling vacant either by death or the visitation of God. The entire community at once suspends operations until the place is filled. Even during the period of most severe depression no public office has ever been known to go a-begging, and as for seeking out the man, the average office is as coy as a maid, because the man requires no search, having planted himself firmly on the front door-step. Even a few non-seekers for office would be of value. One could be assigned to hold an independent opinion; another might try to work up a little public conscience; a third might, under police protection, tell the exact truth about things. If a fourth could be discovered he should be exhibited (as a great novelty) running away from an office. It is an age of marvels. Why not a fabled monster like this to divert, instruct, amuse and astonish us?

Don. What does Canada need most? A perfect union of its people; an unalterable faith in itself; confidence in the Empire; absolute, unswerving and constitutional distrust of the United States.

A regular sweep-out—Hugh Clark. What Canada needs most is to be rid of the things she needs least. I do not think that she has any other "long felt want." Within her borders she has everything that her people need to make them prosperous, comfortable and happy. Infinite variety of climate—the cynic calls it weather—and of wholesome food (and drinks) makes for his physical welfare, while good and cheap colleges and schools and books and papers go to build up the mental man. Unfortunately, the things Canada needs least are quite various. Who says we cannot struggle along without petty political issues of the Ram Dan and Coughing Calf series? Do we need our foreign reputation for having cold storage facilities all the year around? Is there any pressing public demand for governmental subservience to corporate interests and neglect of the general weal? Is there any occasion for our shrinking fear of doing our duty by ourselves lest we offend our susceptible and supersensitive neighbors? No, sir; there is not. The fact is that this country has too much Tarte and cattarrh; too much grand larceny and government; too much sectarianism and tuberculosis; too many Canadian thistles and officials; too many men in our parliaments and too few in our penitentiaries; too many farmers with mortgages and top-bugs. You other newspaper writers may go on talking of Canada's positive needs, but I repeat that what Canada needs most is to be rid eternally of what she needs least, and particularly of what she does not need at all; and I warn you now that I shall go on insisting upon this until Canada sees that what she needs most is to give me some job that will keep me quiet.

More public offices—Charlesworth. It seems presumption to debate a question settled finally by the Minister of Education in the verses he translated from the American of Dr. J. G. Holland. He thinks we need politicians wholly different from the present type. The question is, how are we going to get them? I say, create more elective offices. At present there are only the Federal Parliament, the provincial legislatures, the county councils, the township councils, the city councils, the village councils, the school boards, Public, Separate and High, and a few other fields for political ambition. This provides at most for no more than 20 per cent. of the population. Now the men Canada needs appear to be among the other 80 per cent. I am in favor of getting them into politics by creating public offices for all. Then men could not be charged with selfish motives in seeking office and the manhood suffrage voter especially would benefit. It was rather mistaken kindness on the part of Sir Oliver Mowat to confer on the poor man of this country a privilege that at most is not worth more than \$5 in the open market. An occasional election simply whets his appetite and leaves him the hungrier after it is gone. To be sure the political parties do the best they can for him by unelecting successful candidates with great regularity, but a salaried office for everyone would be a greater boon.

State ownership—Adolphe Smith. The needs of Canada are many. A class of boarding house keepers possessing more child-like confidence, personally speaking, is one of the great needs of our country, and a more general extension of the credit system among dispensers of liquid refreshments is need that every hour cries aloud throughout the land. The one overwhelming need of Canada, however, is a government that will retain for the benefit of the people the marvelous natural resources and opportunities that are still in the hands of the state and belong to the state. In the past the men in power have been guilty of conduct that in the near future will be looked upon as criminal breaches of trust. Much of our magnificent resources has been given into the absolute possession of favored individuals, that is to say, an assumed right has been conveyed, for how can a people or a government convey a right that they do not possess? The lands, the resources and opportunities of nature do not belong to us; they belong equally to the unreckonable generations yet to come. We have the right of use and the value of that use belongs to us as a people. Here is our greatest need. We have a country overflowing with latent wealth. That wealth administered for the benefit of the state would not merely liberate industry and improvements from taxation, but would provide us with art galleries, larger beer gardens, libraries, skittle alleys, lecture halls, concert pavilions, and all the means for making life one long glad song of intellectual advancement and delight. We need a government that will retain the common wealth for

the commonwealth, and make our new but great and glorious country an oasis of peace and plenty in a seething world-wide maelstrom of revolution, the brightest social gem in the brilliant galaxy of nations. You bet.

Not you, sir—Franklin Gadsby. A strange coincidence! As soon as the News-

paper Club begins to discuss what Canada needs most, Mr. Edward Blake announces his intention of abandoning active Irish Nationalism

and returning to Canada for good. It is re-

assuring to know also that he comes back for

good. There are those among the Liberal

party, staunch fellows who have followed it

from free trade to high protection, who suspect that Mr. Blake

comes back for evil—political evil, I mean—such as might take

shape in a third party or even in a coalition with Sir Richard

Cartwright against the Tarte hegemony. If Mr. Blake is

what Canada needs most we hope he will be good. His massive

oratory adorns any council in which he participates; but we

remember him chiefly, not for these fluent graces, but for a piece

of pelulant criticism which threw his party into confusion and

helped nobody. Besides, Mr. Blake must remember that Sir

Charles Tupper and George Eulas Foster and a few others are

likewise assured that they are what Canada needs most.

What we need most is not population, for that

is assured in time, nor is it any one of those

material developments of which men talk, for

we are making great material progress, but if

some dread magician should offer to gratify

any one demand that I might make in the name

of Canada, I should implore him to send us a St. George to

slay the dragons of Moral Cowardice and Cant which intimidate our

adults and swallow our children. We have been reduced to

such a condition that I do not suppose that Edison could invent

anything that would so please our people as a temperance drink

that would intoxicate—a drink devoid of alcohol (therefore

blameless), but capable of drowning care and of making the saint

as happy as the sinner. We have editors advocating measures

that they do not believe in; clergymen preaching creeds that

they privately repudiate; audiences applauding sentiments that

are hollow, and parliamentarians debasing their intelligence to

win vulgar applause. With Moral Cowardice and Cant in every

walk of life what can we hope to achieve? For the individual

what do the future years contain but a sniffling old age spent in

souring life for younger people; and for the nation what but a

mental and moral warping and stunting pitiful to think of

in this age of the world.

Social and Personal.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Coulter of 418 Huron street gave a very bright and pretty tea for her guests, the Misses Eeles of Buffalo, who are spending some time in Toronto on a visit to Miss Florence Coulter. Mrs. Coulter, in a quiet black silk gown trimmed with jet and lace; Miss Coulter, in a white frock with pink ribbons, and the two clever-looking visitors, also in white, received in the drawing-room. Mr. Coulter, a cordial and handsome host, supplemented their welcome, and sweet Mrs. Graham of the Junction was in her girlhood home again, busy looking after her mother's guests. Several pretty young girls assisted in the tea-room, where a table, very smartly done in crimson, was daintily set with good things. Everywhere crimson candies glowed, the mantel, banked with green, was dotted with them, and deep red blossoms were also effectively used in decorating the rooms.

Mrs. Chris Baines is recovering from a severe attack of gripe. News from Mrs. Walter S. Lee, who is south with her invalid, Mrs. J. Forbes Michie, cheers the family with word of Mrs. Michie's progress, which has been recently most satisfactory. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher of Winnipeg are in town. Mr. Gerald Hayward is in the city for a short visit, and is doing some miniatures for prominent patrons. One of the interesting events of the week, Miss Temple Dixon's recital, took place last evening (Friday) in St. George's Hall.

More usual success attended the annual conversazione of the Ontario Ladies' College at Whitby on Friday evening of last week. The special train from Toronto landing guests at the college gates carried several hundred city people, including many university students. The attendance of friends from Whitby, Oshawa, Bowmanville and Port Perry was large and fashionable. A programme of musical numbers was pleasingly rendered by Misses Ross, MacAmmond, Acneson, Bishop, Dixon, Rice, Smith and Hamlen, students of the college, and by Messrs. Carnahan and Verrall. Two Toronto orchestras provided music for promenading. Delicious refreshments were served in the science room. The splendid old Trafalgar Castle, as the College was named by its founder, never looked so lovely as it did at this affair, with open fires on many hearths, tasteful decorations, and so many dainty maids in pretty frocks to charm their guests.

The motor-carriges, hansom and broughams which have been swarming around the streets have aroused great interest. Major Pellatt, the electric king, has had lots of fun with his.

Major and Mrs. Pellatt, and Master Reginald, their only child have left for the Mediterranean and will be gone several months.

In the meantime the fine mansion in Sherbourne street adds wonder to wonder in the way of electric dodges for convenience and comfort.

In fact, Major Pellatt's experiments and ingenuity have full swing in the lighting, heating and arrangements of the residence which he will occupy before the end of the year.

The illuminated keyhole is the "latest;" you press a button and the glass around the keyhole streams forth a comforting radiance.

"But you have to find the button!" says a carpenter. By no means; the button is always luminous, and shines modestly like "twinkle twinkle little star" all night long.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Hyslop have been enjoying a lovely holiday in New Orleans.

Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith are leaving for their usual visit to Lakewood, where they will spend the trying weeks of the winter's last month. Miss Ethel Baldwin is visiting friends in Montreal. Mrs. John Murray Clark (nee Anderson) held her post-nuptial receptions at 24 Elgin avenue on Thursday and yesterday afternoons.

Lady Minto's skating has always been admired. At latest accounts she was taking up the popular swing-about which

passes for waltzing here. Her ladyship's mode of waltzing is

quite different, I am informed, being that in vogue some time ago, and consisting of a continuous cutting of the figure three, a graceful and particularly fetching figure as a *pas seul*.

The Toronto waltz is of course only possible with a partner, and has always struck me as particularly crude. A cordial offer to "teach you, if you will teach me," has ruled at Ottawa between the two styles of waltzers and everyone is happy.

Mr. Tripp and his singers must feel grat

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Social and Personal.

ON Saturday afternoon several teas brightened the first half-holiday of the Lenten season, and so costly was evenly distributed between the colleges and the private drawing-rooms. The Varsity lecture by Dr. W. H. Drummond on some French-Canadian types attracted an immense audience, who were much interested in his description of the Habitant and in copious selections from Dr. Drummond's books about him. The lecturer, a big, fine-looking, intelligent man, with a noble forehead and a head which a phrenologist would say nice things about, was afterwards lionized to any extent by a throng of admirers at St. Margaret's College, whom Mrs. George Dickson had graciously invited to meet him. "Look for the man with the red necktie," was the word whispered by a laughing woman to entering friends, and the man and the red necktie were soon found, for Dr. Drummond stands like the first king of Israel, a bit taller than his fellows. He had a pleasant word with an Irish ring to it, and a mighty hand-shake for everyone who was presented, and was always surrounded by admiring friends. Tea was bountifully served, and plenty of nice things were said about sweet young Miss Temple Dixon, who recited several of Dr. Drummond's habitant poems.

Speaking at the Canada Club dinner in London recently Hon. Edward Blake said: "I hope to be back there (in Canada) for good before long."

Mrs. G. Allen Case and Miss Essie Case left on Monday for a fortnight's visit to New York.

Mrs. John Burns (nee Nixon) will receive at her home, 20 St. Vincent street, on Thursday and Friday, March 2 and 3, and afterwards on the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carruthers and Mrs. Arthur Croil left on Thursday for Old Point Comfort, Virginia.

An interesting sight in Washington last Friday and Saturday evenings (17th and 18th) was to observe the most famous Canadian statesman watching the most famous Canadian actress—which, being translated into United States with a Dominion accent, means that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was at the New National Theater watching with patriotic pride the brilliant success of his gifted countrywoman, Miss Julia Arthur. Several of the foreign embassies and legations, wearing the insignia of their orders, were present in the boxes and Sir Wilfrid beamed. He was the most distinguished looking gentleman in the theater.

Miss Bessie Hees returned from New York last Saturday, and is welcomed back by her many friends with much pleasure.

Mrs. James Burnham is getting better after her serious illness.

The Princess has seen many strange faces this week, as from many neighboring cities and towns parties have come to see the presentation of Cyrano de Bergerac. It is unlikely that the great company will ever perform here, and therefore everyone is taking in the local affair, which is most creditable.

Mr. Percy Robertson, son of Mr. James Robertson, who has spent a happy vacation with his people in Toronto, returned to Mexico last Saturday, sailing on the Macedonian on Wednesday. Mr. Robertson has found the climate of Mexico his best physician, as his fine healthy appearance abundantly testifies.

The Browning Club will give a remarkably attractive entertainment about the middle of April, which will present The Pied Piper, a most picturesque work, and some Browning readings by Miss Sargent, a prominent member of the Syracuse Browning Club. Music will also be a feature. Last year the Browning Club gave their entertainment in the lecture-hall of the Unitarian church, but crowds had to be turned away, so this year the Club will take Association Hall instead. Dr. Ham is superintending the rehearsals of the cantata, The Pied Piper.

The progressive given last week by Miss Smallpeice of 21 Close avenue was an enjoyable event, and the young friends of the hostess spent a delightful evening.

Several friends from across the border were complimented by a coming together of the Stars and Stripes in the decorations of the pretty home for the occasion. Miss Smallpeice wore a gown of pale green with cerise ribbons, and most gracefully received her guests in the presence of her parents, who added their hearty welcome to hers and made everyone feel at home. After the game, supper and a jolly dance concluded the evening.

Mr. George Carruthers has had the usual luck of the hockey enthusiast, being temporarily laid up with a sprained hand.

Miss Amy Seton Thompson, who has been a bright visitor in Toronto for some weeks, the guest of the Misses Wilkes, left on Thursday for her home in Niagara Falls.

On Tuesday an exceedingly pleasant little luncheon was given by Mrs. Sutton to party of half a dozen ladies, among whom were Mrs. Hugh Sutherland, always the most entertaining and piquante of women, and Mrs. Julia Weyman, who captivated the music-lovers with her charming singing. Mrs. Weyman is such an acquisition to musical circles in Toronto that she is eagerly sought for and appreciated even more than for her lovely social qualities. She sings all sorts of delightful things, a selection at one impromptu including The Rosary, (Nevin's exquisite song, written especially for her,) Oh That We Too Were Maying, a merry ratafian from a new opera, and a couple of Champlain's artistic things.

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Mr. Cook has added to his Turkish Baths the most improved methods in the Russian and Turkish baths. These in doubt will be very popular, swimming, running and the same charges as before, viz. Day, 75c; Evenings, between 6 and 10 p.m., 50c. Night baths, \$1.00, which includes sleeping compartment.

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Fine Qualities

ceiving congratulations on the arrival of a small son. Mrs. Gilpin Brown has been down from Regina for some time; the Captain arrived recently on leave, and will shortly return to his command in the N. W. M. P.

Dr. Drummond has had a pleasant visit in Toronto, and his bright good nature and commanding personality have been the means of gaining him social success, as his clever writings had already captured the intellectual fortresses of our best people. One evening this week Mr. George Morang gave a dinner in honor of Dr. Drummond at his lovely home, Two Elms, in Beverley street.

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Mr. and Mrs. Julius A. Lang have taken rooms at 37 Bloor street east, where Mrs. Lang will receive on first, second and third Tuesdays of each month.

Miss Margaret Anglin has severed her connection with the Cyrano de Bergerac Company, and the ideal Roxane is to play another part. Speaking of her impersonation the Boston Critic paid her the following tribute just before she left the company: "Miss Margaret Anglin was captivating as Roxane. This young actress, a Canadian, has not before been seen here in a role of prominence, but her success was complete last evening. She is not a strikingly handsome woman, but she is extremely attractive, possessing to an uncommon degree the feminine charms of grace and winsomeness. Her impersonation was intelligent, sympathetic, lovable and altogether gratifying. Her voice is very agreeable in quality, and too much praise can scarcely be given her for the admirable manner in which she read the lines of her role." 'Tis an open secret that Mr. Mansfield is an enfant terrible to get along with, and the general impression seems to be that his methods proved at last too wearing on the leading lady who has so ably done her part to bring success to the production of Cyrano de Bergerac.

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Ottawa, Feb. 21, '99.

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His Missus and His Mate.

By EDWARD DYSON.

YATES should not have married her. He remained a hatter till sixty, and should have been content with the comforts of his log hut, where his rule was only disputed in very minor matters by Fifth Clause, the cat; Scrapper, the veteran cattle-jog; and a profane and dissipated-looking cockatoo of great antiquity. More particularly, Mr. William Yates should not have married the woman he did, but that appears to be the error of most men. Recently Billy had made a rise out of the rich quartz leaders on Whistick Hill. Previous to that he had saved money, too, as sharper, splitter, digger, shepherd, and in many and various bush callings, and at sixty, after a peaceful, stationary existence of three years' duration, he conceived a ridiculous ambition, and went away and married a woman of thirty.

William Yates had a sudden and absurd longing for position; he determined to become a publican. When the bush nomad waxes ambitious, he dreams of a wayside pub, and a waggonette. Billy dreamed of building a weatherboard hotel on the cross-roads, and by keeping only the best liquors and offering good accommodation for man and beast to merit patronage and win influence.

William Yates had also allowed himself to be unduly impressed by a dream of idealistic domesticity resulting from a late indulgence in cheap fiction, and he craved for the comforts and picturesque joys of sober matrimony. He wanted his cheery fireside, his slippers, his pipe, his steaming glass, and the gentle, genial wife sitting opposite in the ruddy glow of the back-log, knitting whilst the rain dashed against the windows. Seeing no just impediment, Billy set resolutely to work, and built the hotel; then he contracted matrimony in the same spirit.

Billy's mates and friends knew nothing of Mrs. Yates before they were introduced to her at the Magpie as Mrs. Billy. She was a fine woman—strong and tall, with firm, square shoulders and large limbs. Her hair was thick and plentiful, and male public opinion attested the genuineness of its bronze tints. She had only one smile, and dazzled the customers with the glitter of white teeth.

The neighbors did not take the marriage altogether in good part. It was argued by all the women of Whistick who lived near enough to have any interest in Yates' affairs, that the spinster of 30 who was to be picked up and married off-hand by a digger of 60 was not likely to be a person whose history would bear minute investigation.

Eventually Mrs. Yates was heard in defense. Billy had known her since she was a child. He was her father's mate for fifteen years, and promised, when that parent was mortally injured in a blast at Clunes, that he would keep an eye on the orphan. Billy's subsequent goodness had won all her gratitude, and when she promised to be his wife that emotion was uppermost.

Still, it was commonly held that Yates' money and his pub were more powerful factors than mere gratitude, and the belief that Elizabeth's past was not necessarily for publication held good. However, as Mrs. Yates, the young woman's conduct was apparently above reproach. She displayed undoubted business ability, and would put a collar on a "long beer" and flirt a towel round a glass with the neatness and finish of a practised expert.

"Elizabeth"—as Yates always called his decidedly better half—soon worked up a large turnover at The Magpie, and she managed the hotel with discretion and tact. One night Ned Taunto, a local Lothario, and a fine figure of a man, after repeatedly drinking good luck to himself and his mate in the new reef they had just cut, attempted to kiss Mrs. Yates, and met with his reward.

"For God's sake, keep her back!" he cried, and once more plunged in amongst the curling flames and the smoke.

Mrs. Yates lifted herself on one hand and stared towards the bar door, out of which a long, thin flame spurted at short intervals. Nearly all her beautiful hair was burned, one side of her face was blackened, and her great eyes were luminous like those of a wild beast.

A few men were rushing about senselessly with buckets of water, but the crowd in front of the house was perfectly still and silent—spellbound. All eyes were fixed upon the door. The flames burst through the windows and spread over the wooden walls, and fire was rushing up from the roof in many places. Still the people waited and watched. The tension was terrible; dry tongues passed over dry lips, and the women began to utter short, choking sounds. The roof rose, the whole house seemed to expand. How much longer, oh, God? One man, writhing beyond endurance, gives an inarticulate cry, and rushes towards the building; another, stronger and quicker, intercepts him, and holds him back.

The spell is broken, women cower down and sob continuously; the men grip hands, but make no sound. Lewis and Yates have done forever with this world's affairs.

The calcined remains were found heaped together in the passage leading from the bedroom. Alf had reached his old mate, and had dragged him a little distance towards the bar before succumbing to the smoke and heat.

One night—such a night as was needed to bring out all the delights of Bill's pre-nuptial idea of domestic felicity—Yates was sitting by the fire, trying hard to extract some little consolation from an empty pipe, when a young man came through from the bar. Bill looked up, and his face brightened.

"Hello, Alf," he said.

"Hello, Bill," answered the young man.

Yates' struggle with the uncharged pipe became most demonstrative, but the newcomer, standing before the fire, watching the steam rising from his wet clothes, paid no heed. Alf had been Bill's mate when they worked the leaders on the hill, and the elder man's admiration for the younger was most profound.

"We don't see so much of you lately, my lad," he said, presently.

"No." Billy lowered his tone and his face clouded. "You don't get on well with Elizabeth, I suspect."

The blood surged in the young man's face, and he glanced sharply at Bill, but the latter continued ingenuously.

"Don't wonder at it, Alf. Can't get on very well with her myself. Never you mind her, though, you just come along an' have a pitch with me oxen ez you feel like it."

Alf altered his position, but made no reply, and the subsequent conversation dealt with generalities.

Had Bill seen Alf's parting with Elizabeth that night, after closing time, he would probably have formed a different opinion as to his old mate's footing with his new mate. The couple stood sheltered by the corner of the house, Mrs. Yates' arm was about the young man's neck, her hand was clasped in his. And yet Alf Lewis was not comfortable, it would seem.

"I'm a miserable sneak," he said, "a mean hound, and I feel it all through. Bill was a brick always. He helped me all he knew when I was hurt at the Eagle; he took me in when he had a good thing on. If I'd been half a man I'd have cleared out long ago."

"Don't mind him," whispered the woman; "he's an old fool!"

"He's a white man—a better man than I, by—" He dropped her hand and attempted to put her from him.

"You can't break with me now, Alf," she said; "I won't stand it. I will dire anything first."

ABOUT a month later, one dark morning, two hours after midnight, when the wind was blowing briskly on Whistick, a man rattled at Alf. Lewis' hut door, and called to Alf to turn out.

"There's a house afire down the flat—give a hand, will you?" called the neighbor.

As soon as Lewis cast his eyes in the direction of the fire, he knew that it was the Magpie burning. A few minutes later he stood before the blazing building. There was a small crowd standing on the road, and, amongst a knot of women, on her knees in the wet grass, crouched Mrs. Yates, her white, stupefied face strangely conspicuous in the glare.

Alf hastened to her side, and touched her shoulder.

"Where is Billy?" he gasped.

The woman looked up at him; her tongue passed over her lips, but she could not articulate. She lifted her hand and nodded her head towards the burning house.

Lewis understood. He turned from her and rushed to the door. Bending his arm over his forehead to shield his face he entered the bar. In an instant Mrs. Yates recovered her energy and her understanding. She sprang to her feet, and darted after Lewis, calling upon her husband's name, and both were lost to sight amongst the smoke.

Mrs. Yates clutched Alf before he had reached the passage beyond the bar. He could not distinguish her features, but felt her arms about him, and as the flames licked at them he heard her voice in fierce protestation: "Come back, you fool—you fool! You will spoil all!"

Then she sank forward and lay inert in his arms. Lewis dragged her from the house again, and threw her apparently inanimate form amongst the women.

"For God's sake, keep her back!" he cried, and once more plunged in amongst the curling flames and the smoke.

There was a brief struggle, a flash of glass, and Mr. Taunto retired from the contest minus two front teeth.

Although this contempt of court might have been considered bad business policy in other places, it was almost generally admired at Whistick: it was positive, and improved Mrs. Yates' reputation.

Two years passed, and Yates had not yet realized his domestic ideal. Mrs. Yates detested knitting, and if Billy sat by the fire and smoked whilst the north wind rattled the shingles he sat alone. Mrs. Billy preferred the society of the bar.

In short, Yates was unhappy in his matrimonial venture, and in his log house regretted the small cosy hut down by the hill, the narrow bunk, the cat, the dog, the cockatoo and the hatter's freedom. His wife had already become a hard mistress. She complained of his every action, and measured out his tobacco and his beer with a niggard hand. A strong cigarette for drink had come upon him of late, but it was only gratified with the exertion of much diplomacy, and then at rare intervals.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, hand-some illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

Sixteen pages are often given to subscribers in a single weekly issue without extra charge.

OFFICE:
SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING
Adelaide Street West - - Toronto
Ontario, Canada.TELEPHONE { Business Office... } No. 1709
{ Editorial Rooms... }

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$3.00
Six Months.....	1.00
Three Months.....	.50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 2] TORONTO, FEB. 25, 1899. [NO. 15



Way Down East.

bumpkin of a boy, the old constable being particularly well done.

As the Cyrano de Bergerac of Richard Mansfield is not to be seen in Toronto this year, we must consider ourselves fortunate in having a stock company at the Princess Theater enterprise enough to undertake the production of so famous and difficult a piece. The degree of success attained at the Princess this week is only comparative, yet the people of this city should welcome the privilege of seeing M. Rostand's drama passably presented and at cheap prices, when they otherwise would have missed it altogether. The piece is handsomely staged and costumed, and as to the playing of it, it may be remarked that we have no right to expect such a portrayal of Cyrano's character as would be given by a Coquelin or a Mansfield. No ordinary man can carry that nose—no ordinary face can support it. It quells all the other features of Mr. Maurice Freeman's face and impresses them to a pale cast of terror. His mouth, eyes, ears are inadequate and alarmed by the over-shadowing nose, and the result is that he is wholly unable to change the expression of his countenance. Cyrano is not a melancholy Dane, and although a poet he is not of the doleful school; he is essentially a humorist and a wit, and he conceals beneath a reckless and rollicking exterior much interior merit of heart and mind. In the portrayal of such a character no actor should carry an artificial nose beyond the expressive capacities of his other facial members, else he makes the face as impassive as a death mask. Nature in giving a man a nose gives it also that environment which, though it may not render it beautiful, at least gives it animated intelligence. Unless Mr. Freeman can enlarge his mouth I think he should pare his nose, and it might require but a small reduction to give that balance that nature preserves in expressive countenances. There never was such a time about a nose, and Cyrano recalls the old word-jugle:

No nose knows the woes
That my Roman nose knows.

The house was crowded on Tuesday evening, and my seat being near the back I found it very difficult to hear what the characters on the stage were saying. Three or four hundred of the people present must have come away dissatisfied on this account, as I have done before, and it would be well for the male members of the company to speak louder.

The William T. Terriss who played the leading juvenile role in The Telephone Girl here is a son of the late William Terriss of London, who was assassinated at the stage door.

Paris actresses wear paper lace, which only looks as beautiful and delicate as the best of real lace, while it costs but a trifle.

Lillian Russell is said to draw a salary of \$1,000 per week in La Belle Hélène with a percentage of the receipts in addition.

Lillian Blauvelt, the American prima donna, and W. F. Pendleton, non-professional, were married lately in Rome, Italy.

An open-air performance of a Greek play is to form part of Yale's two hundredth anniversary celebration.

Manager Cummings has on his list for presentation during the next two months some of the choicest plays of the modern stage. Commencing on Monday afternoon, he will present Mr. A. C. Gunter's drama in a prologue and three acts, Mr. Barnes of New York, with an enlarged and improved cast and elaborate stage settings and scenery. Everyone who has

vein which is wholly untrue to life, but this vein is adopted in order to expose him entirely to the audience as a villain. Even the rudest instinct of the roughest person would tell a man not to so talk to his victim at a time when he particularly desired her to keep silent as to her past and his own. It is a cheap scene.

Plays of this class are supposed to draw the hearts of people by the appeals they make to gentle sentiments and homely virtues, yet, from this view-point, what are we to think of the closing act? The girl has been found out—her past is exposed. She had been tricked by a mock marriage. The farmer's son, knowing this, will marry her. Her betrayer is also present and offers to make her his wife. She refuses to marry the father of her child, and amid applause accepts the offer of the young farmer. It is a most singular position for a young woman of delicate feeling to be placed in, I should say. This woman had gone up to the altar with this man and had lived with him in what she had considered honorable union. But it had been a mock marriage. It is not unusual for a woman in such evil case to regard herself a wife in the sight of heaven, and to establish herself as such in the sight of the law, if possible. Among a people accustomed to annual divorces the action of the woman in mocking a marriage that the man had mocked, may seem like good sentiment and a just retribution, but there is something exceedingly tame in the triumph of the farmer's son, and something inadequate in the punishment inflicted upon her betrayer. To have the fellow there proffering marriage is an unnatural situation. The boys in the gallery may cheer when his offer is rejected, and may think that he has been very properly rebuffed, but the incident shows that the woman regards marriage as a civil contract and nothing more. It is an un-sentimental idea and incapable of artistic embellishment. And the man may not have been crushed fatally—few hours earlier he had been diligently making love to another in her presence, and I can fancy him a few hours later laughing heartily at the betrothed and the people who applauded in the gallery. But the production shows us some real country people—the squire, his wife, his son, the

MR. WHITNEY MOCKRIDGE, TENOR,
Who Sings at the Lady Halle Concert on Monday.

Lady Halle.

THE Toronto debut of Lady Halle, the world-renowned solo violinist, at the Massey Hall on Monday night will be the most interesting if not the most notable event of the musical season. For the past twenty-nine years the name of Lady Halle, or Norman Neruda, has been a household word among lovers of classic music. Lady Halle, nee Wilma Neruda, was born at Brunn, and when scarcely four years old began to take violin lessons from her father, organist of the cathedral. In her sixth year she was sent to Vienna, where she studied under Jansa, the famous violin virtuoso. In 1846 she gave three concerts in Vienna, at the last of which Jenny Lind sang.

In 1846 she married the Swedish conductor and composer, Ludwig Norman, and went to Stockholm with him. They separated after a time and Norman died in 1865. She made an extensive tour as a virtuosa and appeared always with pronounced success at Copenhagen, Leipzig, Frankfort, Cologne, and at Paris in 1868, where she aroused the enthusiasm of musicians and the public. Then followed triumphs in Amsterdam, Rotterdam and Brussels. In 1869 she settled in London and since then has been a prominent figure at all the great concerts. She was heard at orchestral concerts, in recitals with Charles Hallé, whom she married in 1888, and in chamber concerts with Joachim, Patti, Reeves, Zerbini, and her brother Franz. She also made many tours in Germany, France and Holland.

While Lady Halle is an executant of wonderful skill, she has preferred to devote her genius to the illustration of the acknowledged masterpieces of the great composers rather than to the exhibition of mere display pieces. She excels as a quartet player, her purity of style and artistic insight fitting her admirably for the duties of leader. But she is equally great as a soloist. Violinists will be interested to know that Lady Halle plays upon the celebrated Stradivarius which once belonged to Ernst, which, if I remember rightly, she obtained from Mr. Lawrie, the Glasgow collector of Cremona violins.

A great deal of space could be filled with the tributes paid during the last fifty years to this remarkable woman, Von Bulow, who named her "the violin-fairy," said of her: "The only rival of Joschim lives in England. It is a woman, and her name is Wilma Neruda." Vieuxtemps, who dedicated to her his Sixth Concerto, wrote of her to a friend, December 6, 1880: "She is the ideal violinist. Never have I heard the violin played with such soul, passion and purity. She is at the same time classic and poetic. She has all the qualities of the great artist." The latest reviews of her performances, and they are written by the leading authorities—show that this remarkable violinist is still in the full possession of her powers.

Stuart Robson expects to produce Theodore Burt Sayre's new play, Two Rogues and a Romance, in the spring. Augustus Thomas also is at work upon a new comedy for Mr. Robson.

The William T. Terriss who played the leading juvenile role in The Telephone Girl here is a son of the late William Terriss of London, who was assassinated at the stage door.

At the annual meeting of the shareholders of the British America Assurance Company last week, the sixty-fifth report showed that though the past year has been a trying one in many respects, the company has passed through it satisfactorily, and has paid its usual dividend. The directors feel that this is an especial cause for congratulation, since there were an unusual number of marine and fire losses during the last twelve months, the company having had losses through the destruction of New Westminster last September, a particularly heavy fire. The strong directorate of the company includes the following well known financiers: Hon. George A. Cox, president; J. J. Kenny, vice-president; Hon. S. C. Wood, S. F. McKinnon, Thos. Long, John Hoskin, Q.C., LL.D., H. M. Pellatt, R. Jaffray, F. A. Myers.

"Well, you are interested in it, too. It is also an author's question."

"It is to a certain extent. But the publisher and the author have been at war from time immemorial. To-day the president of the British Authors' Society is engaged in a bitter fight with publishers, alleging that they are but robbers and that they prey upon him and his kind."

"He is wrong."

"Of course you say so—you are a publisher. Let me relate to you a fable. Once upon a time a flock of Lambs were enclosed within a field and they continually bleated their grief because of being so pent up. 'Why can we not roam at will?' they cried. Some Lions had long been watching them from the edge of the Forest, but dared not go near them for fear of being seen. One night they ventured near and said: 'It is too bad that you are in this plight. Help us to break down this high paling and we will let you out. Yonder are the green woods—it is just lovely in the depths of the Forest, so shady, so cool, and we are so strong that we can do lots of things for you.' The Lambs had grown so weary of the restraints long imposed upon them that they seized this kind offer and joined with the Lions, and the paling, shovelled from within and shovelled from without, swayed and fell in one place—sufficient for the Lions' purpose. The Lambs tripped into the Forest, and the Lions never knew want again."

"Very pretty," said the publisher, "but I don't see the point."

"Moral," said the author. "If our authors have not sufficient originality to originate a Society of Authors they are not a promising class, and Lions are hungrier for mutton than for fame as Liberators."

"Spirit and Letter."

The Outlook.

Carpet Curate—Why didn't you come to the Albert Hall and help us last week?

Working Curate—Well, you see, I've my Working Men's Club to look after, and the Football Club, and the Young Men's Institute; and then my people expect me to go and look them up when they're ill, and I've to persuade some of them to keep sober, and others not to knock their wives about, and —

Carpet Curate—Of course, of course.

X.
THE YOUNG MAN.

In this new and busy community the young man of leisure is almost an unknown quantity. Here and there are young men who have unfortunately either no inclination or no need to work, and who go about like the French girl sighing "Oh, won't you come and play wiz me!" to the crowd who are occupied with more or less urgency in paddling each his own canoe. His plaintive loneliness often drives him into matrimony, into drink, or into work, which last, and often which first refuge proves his salvation. He is apt to be *blase* with society, the rich young man, for it shows him its least attractive side. The women who flatter him and the men who taunt him do so because he is rich and they are not. Certain others, rich themselves, accept him indifferently; he is an alternate object of solicitation and compassion, is the rich young man. His best point is his rarity. He is apt to go abroad for his bride, unless some extra clever and slightly advanced girl makes up her mind to annex him. She, too, is often rich, and they lead a dull and luxurious existence thenceforward.

The poor young man in society is almost always a bank clerk, bank clerks being the only poor young men who can afford to go to dances three or four times a week and wear *boutonnieres* in the winter season. He does not mention his poverty; he keeps decently mumm, and always puts on an air of *debonair bon camaraderie* which ill befits his small cares and overdrawn account. It takes some heroism to be a bank clerk in a smart social season, when there are ball tickets to purchase, and if he allows himself the luxury of a "special," she wants candy and five o'clock tea, and roses and *coupés ad infinitum*. It must be that she confuses her ideas and allows the notion of a bank full of notes and gold to envelope her hapless swain until he takes on a money solvency quite inconsistent with his salary. Should the poor young man not live within the aura of a financial institution, but be a worker in one of the professions with a shingle attached, he goes less jauntily and less frequently into his dress suit. The struggling barrister does not appeal to the butterfly mind of society's belles, nor yet the young doctor whose time is so largely given to patients instead of patients. Their meagre gains, dingy offices and forced gaiety suggest a state of affairs which no butterfly could spread her wings over, and though sometimes the butterfly sits tight awaiting the evolution of a greater pleader, or the recognition of a great surgeon, with love in her heart and matrimony in her mind, 'tis often a long wait and a tough struggle in which there is little time or wish for dance and rout. The poor young man must be indeed an optimist (or a bank clerk) if he cuts much figure in society.

The rising young man is an entrancing problem to chaperones. They see him setting rich, adding acre to acre of promising property, stock to stock of solid investments, budding out with a nagi and a trap, and taking unto himself a patronizing air and a confident voice. As he waxes rich the mothers lay cunningly baited traps for him, the daughters kiss each other viciously on his account, the fathers speak of him in tones of mingled commendation and warning in the presence of their women folks. A general "catch-if-you-can" and encouraging voice papa uses when he mentions the rising young man to the daughter of his heart. If the rising young man isn't more than human he begins to fancy himself a good deal. He hectors the club waiters and is generally familiar and slightly patronizing to the older members. He looks over his invitations with gravity, untinged by the slightest gratification; in very ad-

vanced stages of "magnum caput" he wears softly at the insignificant ones. When the rising young man takes a sporting streak he develops a mania for "form," he becomes an Anglo-maniac and is difficult to degree. He affects the military, if they will allow him, and amuses their wives, being always game to set up a dinner, or a picnic, or a drive for these mighty beings. Sometimes his sport is his eclipse; he runs horses and goes broke, or he buys a yacht and gets the craze so badly that terrestrial society sees him but seldom; sometimes he marries, and that always seems to sober him, if he needs it. He continues to rise and in time becomes a judge, a consulting surgeon, a general manager, whatever it may be; he ceases to interest us in this article.

Of late years several conditions have changed, and with them the young man has also changed. There are young men who rarely go into society now, who ten years ago would have been glad to kill sparrows in that way. Take the hockey fiend; he is very young, but he has learned to refuse his best and most blandishing girl's society the nights the game is on. She may go to the rink and hang over the gallery rail and catch any number of pulmonary complaints to be near him, but he would play just as happily if she were miles away. The hockey young man on his skates and the football young man in his hair are not bothering much about society.

The occasional young man cuts a great figure while he lasts; sometimes his advent and impression are the features of the social season. He comes from abroad, a peripatetic Briton with a title, a foreigner with curious ideas of women, and a tendency to use strong perfumery; a vague person, affecting rough attire and strong boots, but perfectly at home among the tea-cups of the five-o'clock. For the first species the life is fast and furious; teas, dinners, luncheons, girls and men fall over each other in his honor; a sort of mania seizes the silly set; even the more solid section of society sends out cards to meet Lord A. or Count B. The occasional young man is apt to mop his brows and marvel on the rate the Colonials live at. Sometimes, in order to ensure a reaction of proper proportions, he has even been known to annex the jewels of some enthusiastic host, and end his sojourn in our midst doing time under prison rules. Much more harmless, if less exciting, is the visit of the young man from the Motherland who speaks with a strong United Empire accent, and often marries one of our prettiest girls, taking her to unknown regions of ice and snow on his career as an agricultural experimentalist or a mounted policeman.

One more young man is the absent young man. Perhaps he is more in evidence just now, while he toils and freezes and writes tales unholy and untrue of the gold fields and the glaciers to his mother and his sister and his sweetheart, who looks at his unobtrusive engagement ring and finds it distinctly inadequate as a consoler. By and by he will be back, baulked or successful in his search for fortune, and take his place once more as the poor young man, or marry the sweetheart, invest his earnings and pay his taxes as a good citizen. Yes, he is still a possible strong figure in society is the absent young man, from whom everything is expected!

The Society of Authors and Publishers.

CANADIAN author met a Canadian publisher and leading him to one side said unto him: "How is it that you publishers ask authors to rush to arms to win your fight on the copyright question?"

"Well, you are interested in it, too. It is also an author's question."

"It is to a certain extent. But the publisher and the author have been at war from time immemorial. To-day the president of the British Authors' Society is engaged in a bitter fight with publishers, alleging that they are but robbers and that they prey upon him and his kind."

"He is wrong."

"Of course you say so—you are a publisher. Let me relate to you a fable. Once upon a time a flock of lambs were enclosed within a field and they continually bleated their grief because of being so pent up. 'Why can we not roam at will?' they cried. Some lions had long been watching them from the edge of the forest, but dared not go near them for fear of being seen. One night they ventured near and said: 'It is too bad that you are in this plight. Help us to break down this high paling and we will let you out. Yonder are the green woods—it is just lovely in the depths of the forest, so shady, so cool, and we are so strong that we can do lots of things for you.' The lambs had grown so weary of the restraints long imposed upon them that they seized this kind offer and joined with the lions, and the paling, shovelled from within and shovelled from without, swayed and fell in one place—sufficient for the lions' purpose. The lambs tripped into the forest, and the lions never knew want again."

"Very pretty," said the publisher, "but I don't see the point."

"Moral," said the author. "If our authors have not sufficient originality to originate a Society of Authors they are not a promising class, and lions are hungrier for mutton than for fame as liberators."

"Spirit and Letter."

The Outlook.

Carpet Curate—Why didn't you come to the Albert Hall and help us last week?

Working Curate—Well, you see, I've my Working Men's Club to look after, and the Football Club, and the Young Men's Institute; and then my people expect me to go and look them up when they're ill, and I've to persuade some of them to keep sober, and others not to knock their wives about, and —

Carpet Curate—Of course, of course.

MISS GERTRUDE STEIN, CONTRALTO,
Who Sings at the Lady Halle Concert on Monday.

Hunting for a Place.

LAST week we needed a new caretaker and night watchman, and an advertisement was put in the *Telegram* and applicants were told to call on Thursday between three and four o'clock. All morning the telephone bells rang. Professors in colleges, Members of Parliament, wholesale merchants, managers of companies, and private individuals of all sorts rang up to recommend some special man. As the job is only worth a little over four hundred dollars a year it was astonishing to find so many people eager for it and yet accustomed to gathering every possible influence to bear in order to get a place.

Letters of all sorts were written, many of them pitiful in the extreme, the applicants begging to be heard first, insomuch as they had been out of employment for months and had always failed to get anything that was offering. One poor fellow made vows that he would work his fingers to the bone if he could only be given a trial, as he had not had a mouth's work in a year. Others sending copies of exceedingly good testimonials declared their willingness to accept any wage offered so long as they got a chance. Such letters as these are hard to read, for men must be eager to work or they would not beg for a place where the toil is from six in the afternoon till six in the morning without any company whatever, and they become responsible for the safety of eight floors. Other caretakers have had their arms blistered in using the hose to prevent the spread of adjacent fires, and altogether the job is one which has nothing to command it except that it is within doors and steady.

An hour before the time advertised the applicants lined up in the main hall and in the business office. As an experience I undertook the job of selecting a man and found it very interesting, but so saddening that I rarely ventured a direct refusal, satisfying the man by taking his name, nationality, age, previous business and address, and promising to let him know if he were selected. Altogether there must have been sixty or seventy applicants, the majority of them conspicuously unsuited for the job, being uncouth and none too clean in their personal appearance.

Yet when some of these men presented their case it made one wish that there were a job for each of them. As a large boiler had to be attended to and experience in that regard was advertised as necessary, nearly all of them claimed to have been marine firemen, stationary engineers, acquainted with running an engine for a threshing-machine, or in some other indirect way to have knowledge of the management of so dangerous an apparatus as a big boiler.

"I've got ten children, sir, and I haven't had work for six months. I was fireman, sir, two seasons on a tug."

"Were you ever caretaker?"

"No, sir; but I've helped the wife with the housework when she was sewing and I couldn't get work." Leaning over the counter—"I'll take your own price, sir."

I told him I would let him know if he was selected.

"John Jones," replied one man when asked his name.

"Nationality?" I enquired.

"Henglish church, thank God, sir."

"I don't want to know your religion; where were you born?"

"Him dear hold Kent, sir, him Heng-land."

"What is your business?"

"Servant, sir, to noble families. 'Ave been always in the nobility, sir, till I came to this country."

"What is your age?"

"I'll tell you the truth, sir, as many of these won't. I'm fifty-six, sir." (He was seventy if he was a day.)

"What is your name?"

"Peter Dyan."

"Nationality?" I asked.

He leaned over the counter and said, "The same as your own, sor, R. C."

I told him I had no wish to know the religion of any applicant.

"Then why did you ask it, sor?" There was a general titter amongst the crowd of applicants, and a big fellow nudged him and said, "He was asking where you were born."

"Oh, is that it, sor?" he said. "Sligo, sor."

"What business?"

"I'm glad to be able to say so, sor, but I'm handy at anything, sor. 'Twas farm work I had in the Old Country, sor, but since I've been in Canada I've been helping on the wharves, and last year I had a job shoveling coal for an engine, and for a week when the engineer was sick I ran the engine, sor, and I'm quite competent, sor, to take charge of a boiler, sor."

A great big, greasy-looking fellow stood next. For an example of careless attire and thorough unadaptability he could not have been surpassed. In a half-whisper I suggested that he need not wait.

"Why?" he demanded with considerable acerbity.

"You are not suitable for the place," I added, though trying to avoid attracting attention to my remarks.

"Why?" he demanded, still more warmly.

"A man who is as untidy in his personal appearance as you are could not be expected to keep a building clean."

He started out and turned back, got outside the first door and turned again as if he would like to make a few personal remarks, but the applicants jostled him away, and I have no doubt he disappeared with some very angry words unuttered.

"Malcolm McKillop," he replied. "Scotch; sixty-one."

"Have you ever taken care of a building?" I enquired.

He looked at me kindly for a moment and said, "No, boy, but I knew you when you were a little bit of a fellow." He told me where he came from and I remembered him well as one of a family of wealthy farmers.

"I have never touched, tasted nor

handled." I am handy as a carpenter, a painter, understand boilers and machinery, and though my beard is gray I can do anything that any other man can. I ought to be able to do the work that you have to do, and I will make a faithful effort if you will give me the place."

"But you would not know anything about scrubbing," Mr. McKillop, and in taking care of an office building it is one of the chief requirements."

"Oh yes, I know something about scrubbing. Ever since my wife died—you knew the family—I have had to scrub the house and take care of the children."

I told him how sorry I would be if I had to pass him over, but I wanted an experienced man, and with the proud glance of a Highlandman he walked out.

"How much is there in it?" a half dozen men asked, thoroughly careless as to what they could do.

"Nothing," I replied, and passed on.

It is unnecessary to multiply instances. The butchers, bakers, valets, coachmen, life insurance agents, and men who had once occupied good positions made me feel before I was through that while we hear and see so much of the successful men in business, the failures only come to the surface when something is to be had which at least will ensure bread and butter. The saddest of all is the fact that these fellows as a rule are the men who could be least relied upon when engaged in even a menial capacity. A man who has all his life been a caretaker, particularly the man who has been at sea and has been taught to scrub decks and to keep the paint glistening, is the best one to entrust with a job where cleanliness and discipline and hard work without the eye of a master are most necessary.

Nationality has considerable to do with this sort of a task. For smooth talk when applying for a job, a Cockney Englishman or an Irishman can far outrank anybody else. The class of Englishmen and Irishmen, however, who are looking for such positions are apt to be eye servants. I would rather have a Scotchman who is somewhat crusty on his approach but who will work his full time and do his full allowance of grumbling under all circumstances.

An odd feature of the whole affair, however, was that over ninety per cent. of the applicants were Englishmen, absolutely out of work, while the Scotchmen had either recently lost their job through some unforeseen circumstance or were already doing something but wanted to better themselves. Of course it is not safe to generalize on nationalities, but it is an unfortunate fact that the wage-earning Englishman in Canada is the most helpless of his class and the hardest to please if you give him a position.

Bernhardt and Sardou.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT gave an interesting account, published in a London paper, of M. Sardou's manner of conducting a rehearsal.

He gives his attention in the first place to the minor roles (she says). As the work advances he proceeds on larger, more general lines, until it seems as if the stage is too small, and one pines for more space in which to allow the action of the piece to develop unhampered by material limitations.

It is said that M. Sardou is very masterful when conducting rehearsals. I have found him, on the contrary, most conciliatory, and ever ready to adopt the suggestions of others when they deserve to be taken into consideration. He regards

even the stage-carpenters, the scene-shifters, and the firemen as part of the public, and is careful to note and to take hints from their impressions.

In this respect he adheres to the practice of Alexandre Dumas.

Like Dumas, too, he is not over-sensitive as to the fate of his prose, and never hesitates to cut his text when necessary.

Nothing escapes his notice. He pays attention to even the pettiest details. He tries the chairs, sees that the doors open and shut readily, chooses the dress material and the upholstery, studies the perspective from the auditorium, and mounts to the upper galleries so as to assure himself that the public in the cheap seats can see and hear everything.

He lives all the roles, and at every rehearsal acts the entire play right through three or four times over.

He is very sensitive to cold, and always makes his appearance muffled up in furs and a comforter. He hands his coat to an attendant, complains at once of the draughts, puts his coat on again, and again dispenses with it. About three o'clock he takes some slight refreshment, usually a glass of port and cakes, which he shares with his actors and actresses.

While thus engaged he invariably relates a string of anecdotes, of which he has an inexhaustible fund, bearing for the most part, of course, on the theater, but very often, too, on Spiritualism—a subject in which he is deeply interested.

One of R. L. Stevenson's Letters.

17 Heriot row, Edinburgh.

Sunday [Spring, 1875, after visit to London].

HERE is my long story. Yesterday night, after having supped, I grew so restless that I was obliged to go out in search of some excitement.

There was a half-moon lying over on its back and incredibly bright in the midst of a faint gray sky set with faint stars; a very inartistic moon, that would have

damned a picture. At the most populous

place of the city I found a little boy, three years old, perhaps, half frantic with terror, and crying to everyone for his "Mammy." This was about eleven, mark you. People stopped and spoke to him and then went on, leaving him more frightened than before. But I and a good-humored mechanic came up together: and I instantly developed a latent faculty for setting the hearts of children at rest. Master Tommy Murphy (such was his name) soon stopped crying, and allowed me to take him up and carry him; and the mechanic and I trudged along Princes street to find his parents. I was soon so tired that I had to ask the mechanic to carry the bairn; and you should have seen the puzzled contempt with which he looked at me for knocking in so soon. He was a good fellow, however, although very impracticable and sentimental; and he soon brought him that Master Murphy might catch cold after his excitement, so he wrapped him up in his greatcoat . . . The sergeant was very nice, and I got Tommy comfortably seated on a bench, and spirited him up with good words and the scone with the currants in it; and then, telling him I was just going out to look for Mammy, I got my greatcoat and slipped away. Poor little boy! He was not called for, I learn, until ten this morning.

To a Discouraged Artist.

This life here is all incomplete—we see but an arc of the ring.

Some day you will paint me great pictures, some day you'll be able to sing Songs that will shame Petrarch's, or carve from the hard, white stone The clear, soft curves of a Venus fair as Praxiteles' own.

Why?—

Because, friend, our own dumb bosoms feel always at home with the best;

As the best rises, we rise with it—like bubbles that climb the wave's crest:

We sit with the greatest as equals—we eat of the high priest's food—

No temple so glorious, so holy, we are conscious that we intrude!

Think you such heavenward impulse will not work its ultimate will?

This life's but the upward slope—the next, or the next, is the hill:

The hill from which Raffael and Shakespeare looked out with calm sweep o'er the plain.

The hill they have left for a higher, and the one it is yours yet to gain.

JAMES A. TUCKER.

Ow. N Sound, Feb., '99.

The Origin of Lent.

Customs and Church Duties of the Sunday of the Year.

AFAST occurring before the festival of Easter has been observed from the earliest days of Christianity, and, like many other Christian rites and customs, it is probably of Jewish origin.

The Jews fasted for forty days before the annual sin-offering, or expiation for the sins of the nation, and Lent—the name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word *lencten*, signifying spring—is observed for forty days before the anniversary of the death of Christ in expiation for the sins of the whole world.

The duration of the fast, however, differed in various localities and times down to the end of the sixth century. Ireneus, Bishop of Lyons, wrote to Victor, Bishop of Rome, in the second century: "The difference of opinion is not about the day alone, but the manner of fasting, for some think they are to fast one day, some two, some forty; some fast forty hours of the day and night." The original fast seems to have been appointed for the forty hours between the crucifixion and the resurrection.

Tertullian, writing early in the third century of the Christian era, speaks of this forty hours' fast. A few years later Origen speaks of forty days' fast before Easter as corresponding to the forty days' temptation in the wilderness. And at the Council of Nicaea, A.D. 325, this period is spoken of as generally in use.

The number forty was very anciently associated with seasons of fasting and humiliation in the history of the Jews. There were, for instance, the forty days of the deluge; the forty years' wandering of the children of Israel; Moses fasted forty days in the Mount, and so did Elijah in the wilderness; the Ninevites allowed forty days for repentance, and the Saviour chose to observe the same number of days in His fast before the temptation in the wilderness.

Gregory the Great introduced the present mode of observance in the sixth century. He excluded Sundays from the number of fasting days, and began the fast on the Wednesday before the first Sunday in Lent, to complete the forty days. This first day of Lent was called Ash Wednesday, either because in the Eastern churches penitents appeared on that day in sackcloth garments with ashes on their heads, after the habit of mourners in those countries, or, as seems more probable, because it was the custom for the priests on that day to sprinkle ashes on the heads of the congregation with the words,

"Remember that thou art dust, and to dust thou shalt return."

The day before Ash Wednesday was called Shrove Tuesday, as on that day it was customary for the people to confess and be shriven or absolved from their sins before entering on the season of Lent. In Roman Catholic countries the days preceding Lent are called the Carnival, or farewell to meat, and are celebrated with games and feasting.

The fourth Sunday in Lent has been called Refreshment Sunday, owing no doubt to the fact that the portion of the gospel appointed for that day relates the feeding of the 5,000 by a miracle. In the Roman Catholic church more festivity is permitted than on any other day in Lent. In France it is called Mi-Careme, and specially celebrated. In Rome the "golden rose" is blessed on this day by the Pope, and presented to some distinguished person considered to have done good service to the church during the preceding year. This ceremony is accompanied by festive observances, which dis-



M. FELIX FAURE, THE LATE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

Died Suddenly in Paris, February 16.

tinguish this day from all others of the season.

St. Chrysostom, the "golden-mouthed" Bishop of Constantinople in the fourth century, speaks of great strictness in fasting in his day: "Some rival each other in fasting, rejecting wine and oil and indeed every dish, taking only bread and water during the whole of Lent." He also exhorts men to purify themselves during Lent by "prayer, alms-deeds, fasting, watching and confession of sins."

No marriages were allowed during the forty days, and festivals were transferred to Sundays. Public shows and amusements were forbidden, and all people were enjoined to engage in works of charity and self-denial.

The Roman and Greek churches give rules to their members regarding abstinence during Lent. The English Church has no express ruling on the subject, but urges the duty and the example of the primitive Christians, leaving the details to individual conscience.

Modern life and customs have so altered that it would be impossible to follow the ancient rule, but these changes have vastly increased opportunities for self-denial and sacrifice of pleasure. As George Herbert wrote:

"Starve thy sin,
And not thy bin.
And that's to keep thy Lent."

In the rural districts of England pancakes are always eaten on Shrove Tuesday and hot-cross buns on Good Friday. A "gammon of bacon" is served at Easter to show contempt for Judaism. The Gypsies are said to dine on baked calf's head on Easter Day. Mr. Samuel Pepys speaks of a Lenten supper at which was served a dish of red herrings with a corn salad.

Lent may be called the Sunday of the year, and the observance of the season with more or less strictness is yearly increasing among all Christian people.

Society pauses in its eager pursuit of pleasure. The great middle class of people turn from their busy vocations to meditate on the life which is to come.

To quote George Herbert again:

"Sum up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul. If with thy watch,
That too be down, then wind both up.
Since we shall be most surely judged
Make thy accounts agree."

Two Women and Tess.

THE Wise Woman and the Frivolous Girl were sitting in front of me at a matinee performance of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. The Frivolous Girl shivered, because she was too hard-hearted to sympathize with the fate of the heroine.

"You'd think she would do something besides take all the hard luck Tess showers on her. She might at least get mad and say things."

"My dear child," the Wise Woman said, "you have wrong ideas of morality. You will find that sin hampers people in their course through life so that swift-footed Nemesis overtakes them as easily as—"

"A policeman overtakes a bike on the sidewalk. Of course, there would be no fun in sinning, if people didn't calculate to get ahead of Nemesis, and if there was no fun in sinning, nobody would sin and the lawyers would all have to study medicine or go to business college."

The Wise Woman looked sorrowfully at the Frivolous Girl.

"Where does the fun come in, in sinning? Tell me that."

"You don't suppose people transgress from a sense of duty, do you?" asked the other.

"Look at Tess—was there any joy for her in sinning?"

"Life wasn't worth anything to her before she met Angel Clare, so she thought it wouldn't matter if she was a little more wretched, if it was going to make other people a good deal happier. The trouble was that she went back on her bargain and wanted to be happy herself, which shows the inadvisability of unselfishness in the first place, and the improbability of

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - EDITOR

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, and
somewhat illustrated paper, published weekly, and de-
voted to its readers.Sixteen pages are often given to subscribers in a
single weekly issue without extra charge.OFFICE:
SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING
Adelaide Street West - Toronto
Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE [Business Office, Editorial Rooms.] No. 1710

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year \$5.00

Six Months \$3.00

Three Months \$2.00

Delivered in Toronto, 50c per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 2 TORONTO, FEB. 25, 1899. [No. 45]



It is rather difficult to understand how it is that Way Down East made such a successful run in New York, for although there are interesting figures in its cast and although it has points of merit, yet it fails notably short of Shore Acres and The Old Homestead. Perhaps it pleased its patrons in New York because the people there have grown somewhat weary of farce comedies that all look alike, and perhaps it fails to please some of us in Toronto because we had heard it praised so very much that we were extravagant in our expectations. The strength of the attraction appears to me to consist more in the excellent make-up and by-play of the characters on the stage than in the merits of the play itself. Until the last act the Professor is nothing but a blithering idiot. When the family go away to a party and the villain calls at the farm-house to interview his victim, who is there as a servant, he talks in a

No nose knows the woes
That my Roman nose knows.

The house was crowded on Tuesday evening, and my seat being near the back I found it very difficult to hear what the characters on the stage were saying. Three or four hundred of the people present must have come away dissatisfied on this account, as I have done before, and it would be well for the male members of the company to speak louder.

The Dreyfus drama, Devil's Island, played at popular prices, is doing well at the Toronto Opera House this week. As appeared so recently at the Grand it will be familiar to my readers.

Manager Cummings has on his list for presentation during the next two months some of the choicest plays of the modern stage. Commencing on Monday afternoon, he will present Mr. A. C. Gunter's drama in a prologue and three acts, Mr. Barnes of New York, with an enlarged and improved cast and elaborate stage settings and scenery. Everyone who has



Way Down East.

bumpkin of a boy, the old constable being particularly well done.

As the Cyrano de Bergerac of Richard Mansfield is not to be seen in Toronto this year, we must consider ourselves fortunate in having a stock company at the Princess Theater enterprise enough to undertake the production of so famous and difficult a piece. The degree of success attained at the Princess this week is only comparative, yet the people of this city should welcome the privilege of seeing M. Rostand's drama passably presented and at cheap prices, when they otherwise would have missed it altogether. The piece is handsomely staged and costumed, and as to the playing of it, it may be remarked that we have no right to expect such portrayal of Cyrano's character as would be given by a Coquelin or a Mansfield. No ordinary man can carry that nose—no ordinary face can support it. It quells all the other features of Mr. Maurice Freeman's face and imparts to them a pale cast of terror. His mouth, eyes, ears are inadequate and alarmed by the over-shadowing nose, and the result is that he is wholly unable to change the expression of his countenance. Cyrano is not a melancholy Dane, and although a poet he is not of the doleful school; he is essentially a humorist and a wit, and he conceals beneath a reckless and rollicking exterior much interior merit of heart and mind. In the portrayal of such a character no actor should carry an artificial nose beyond the expressive capacities of his other facial members, else he makes the face as impassive as a death mask. Nature in giving a man a nose gives it also that environment which, though it may not render it beautiful, at least gives it animated intelligence. Unless Mr. Fregman can enlarge his mouth I think he should part his nose, and it might require but a small reduction to give that balance that nature preserves in expressive countenances. There never was such a time about a nose, and Cyrano recalls the old word-juggle:

Charles Coghlan's new play, in which he will reappear in the Fifth Avenue Theater on April 10, is a story of the French revolution and the action occurs some months after the execution of Louis XVI.

Stuart Robson expects to produce Theodore Burt Sayre's new play, Two Rogues and a Romance, in the spring. Augustus Thomas also is at work upon a new comedy for Mr. Robson.

The William T. Terriss who played the leading juvenile role in The Telephone Girl here is a son of the late William Terriss of London, who was assassinated at the stage door.

The actress wears paper lace, which by night looks as beautiful and delicate as the best of real lace, while it costs but a trifling sum.

Lillian Russell is said to draw a salary of \$1,000 per week in La Belle Hélène with a percentage of the receipts in addition.

Lillian Blauvelt, the American prima donna, and W. F. Pendleton, non-professional, were married lately in Rome, Italy.

An open-air performance of a Greek play is to form part of Yale's two hundredth anniversary celebration.

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read the novel—and who has not?—knows that the adventures of Mr. Barnes form one of the most interesting and most absorbing stories published in the last quarter of a century. The dramatization is by Mr. Gunter himself, and will be given in exact accordance with the author's text and as presented at the Grand Opera House three or four years ago. It will be the first time Mr. Barnes of New York has been given at the prices that prevail at the Princess.

Lillian Russell, the re-plendent feature of the lyric season at the New York Casino, will be seen and heard at the Grand Opera House for three nights commencing Monday, when Offenbach's mythological burlesque, *La Belle Hélène*, will be sung in English by the George W. Lederer Stock Opera Company. Miss Russell will be accompanied by Thomas G. Seabrook, and that exquisite Casino flower, Edna Wallace-Hopper. The cast also includes Ferris Hartman, the noted lyric comedian of San Francisco; also the young English tenor, William E. Philip, together with the fine basso, J. C. Miron, and other sterling artists. The opera will be given with the identical original chorus and *mise en scène* of the Casino. The organization numbers nearly one hundred singers in its membership. There will be no matinees.

A great theatrical success benefits a multiplicity of interests. Among them may be mentioned the playwrights, the tailors, the dressmakers, the weavers, the scene painters, the carpenters, the electricians, the printers and the lithographers, and the thousand and one other interests looking to the theater, for the whole or a considerable part of their support, as the case may be.

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An open-air performance of a Greek play is to form part of Yale's two hundredth anniversary celebration.

Lady Hallé.

THE Toronto debut of Lady Hallé, the world-renowned solo violinist, at the Massey Hall on Monday night will be the most interesting if not the most notable event of the musical season. For the past twenty-nine years the name of Lady Hallé, or Norman-Neruda, has been a household word among lovers of classic music. Lady Hallé, nee Wilma Neruda, was born at Brünn, and when scarcely four years old began to take violin lessons from her father, organist of the cathedral. In her sixth year she was sent to Vienna, where she studied under Jansa, the famous violin virtuoso. In 1816 she gave three concerts in Vienna, at the last of which Jenny Lind sang.

In 1834 she married the Swedish conductor and composer, Ludwig Norman, and went to Stockholm with him. They separated after a time and Norman died in 1855. She made an extensive tour as a virtuosa and appeared always with pronounced success at Copenhagen, Leipzig, Frankfort, Cologne, and at Paris in 1868, where she aroused the enthusiasm of musicians and the public. Then followed triumphs in Amsterdam, Rotterdam and Brussels. In 1870 she settled in London and since then has been a prominent figure at all the great concerts. She was heard at orchestral concerts, in recitals with Charles Hallé, whom she married in 1888, and in chamber concerts with Joachim, Patti, Reeves, Zerbini, and her brother Franz. She also made many tours in Germany, France and Holland.

In 1895 she went to South Africa and had many novel adventures. On one occasion, it is related, one thousand Kafirs danced their war dances and sang in her honor.

While Lady Hallé is an executant of wondrous skill, she has preferred to devote her genius to the illustration of the acknowledged masterpieces of the great composers rather than to the exhibition of mere display pieces. She excels as a quartet player, her purity of style and artistic insight fitting admirably for the duties of leader. But she is equally great as a soloist. Violinists will be interested to know that Lady Hallé plays upon the celebrated Stradivarius which once belonged to Ernst, which, if I remember rightly, she obtained from Mr. Lawrie, the Glasgow collector of Cremona violins.

A great deal of space could be filled with the tributes paid during the last fifty years to this remarkable woman. Von Bulow, who named her "the violin-fay," said of her: "She is the ideal violinist. Never have I heard the violin played with so much soul, passion and purity. She is at the same time classic and poetic. She has all the qualities of the great artist." The latest reviews of her performances—and they are written by the leading authorities—show that this remarkable violinist is still in the full possession of her powers.

At the annual meeting of the shareholders of the British America Assurance Company last week, the sixty-fifth report showed that though the past year has been a trying one in many respects, the company has passed through it satisfactorily, and has paid its usual dividend. The directors feel that this is an especial cause for congratulation, since there were an unusual number of marine and fire losses during the last twelve months, the company having had losses through the destruction of New Westminster last September, a particularly heavy fire. The strong directorate of the company includes the following well known financiers: Hon. George A. Cox, president; J. J. Kenny, vice-president; Hon. S. C. Wood, S. F. McKinnon, Thos. Long, John Hoskin, Q.C., LL.D., H. M. Pellatt, R. Jaffray, F. A. Myers.



THE YOUNG MAN.

IN this new and busy community the young man of leisure is almost an unknown quantity. Here and there are young men who have unfortunately either no inclination or no need to work, and who go about like the French girl sighing "Oh, won't you come and play wiz me!" to the crowd who are occupied with more or less urgency in paddling each his own canoe. His plaintive loneliness often drives him into matrimony, into drink, or into work, which last, and often which first refuge proves his salvation. He is apt to be *blase* with society, the rich young man, for it shows him its least attractive side. The women who flatter him and the men who joddy to him do so because he is rich and they are not. Certain others, rich themselves, accept him indifferently; he is an alternate object of solicitation and compassion, is the rich young man. His best point is his rarity. He is apt to go abroad for his bride, unless some extra clever and slightly advanced girl makes up her mind to annex him. She, too, is often rich, and they lead a dull and luxurious existence thereforeward.

The poor young man in society is almost always a bank clerk, bank clerks being the only poor young men who can afford to go to dances three or four times a week and wear *boutonnieres* in the winter season. He does not mention his poverty; he keeps decently mum, and always puts on an air of *debonair bon camaraderie* which ill befits his small cares and overdrawn account.

It takes some heroism to be a bank clerk in a smart social season, when there are ball tickets to purchase, and if he allows himself the luxury of a "special," she wants candy and five o'clock tea, and roses and *coupes ad infinitum*. It must be that she confuses her ideas and allows the notion of a bank full of notes and gold to envelope her hapless swain until he takes on a money solvency quite inconsistent with his salary. Should the poor young man not live within the aura of a financial institution, but be a worker in one of the professions with a shingle attached, he goes less jauntily and less frequently into his dress suit. The struggling barrister does not appeal to the butterfly mind of society's belles, nor yet the young doctor whose time is so largely given to patients instead of patients. Their meagre gains, dingy offices and forced gaiety suggest a state of affairs which no butterfly could spread wings over, and though sometimes the butterfly sits tight awaiting the evolution of a great pleader, or the recognition of a great surgeon, with love in her heart and matrimony in her mind, 'tis often a long wait and a tough struggle in which there is little time or wish for dance and rout. The poor young man must be indeed an optimist (or a bank clerk) if he cuts much figure in society.

The rising young man is an entrancing problem to chaperones. They see him getting rich, adding acre to acre of promising property, stock to stock of solid investments, budding out with a nag and a trap, and taking unto himself a patronizing air and a confident voice. As he waxes rich the mothers lay cunningly baited traps for him, the daughters kiss each other viciously on his account, the fathers speak of him in tones of mingled commendation and warning in the presence of their women folks. A general "catch-if-you-can" and encouraging voice papa uses when he mentions the rising young man to the daughter of his heart. If the rising young man isn't more than human he begins to fancy himself a good deal. He hectors the club waiters and is generally familiar and slightly patronizing the older members. He looks over his invitations with gravity, untinged by the slightest gratification; in very ad-

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vanced stages of "magnum caput" he wears softly at the insignificant ones. When the rising young man takes a sporting streak he develops a mania for "form," he becomes an Anglo-maniac and is difficult to a degree. He affects the military, if they will allow him, and amuses their wives, being always game to set up a dinner, or a picnic, or a drive for these mighty beings. Sometimes his sport is his eclipse; he runs horses and goes broke, or he buys a yacht and gets the craze so badly that terrestrial society sees him but seldom; sometimes he marries, and that always seems to sober him, if he needs it. He continues to rise and in time becomes a judge, a consulting surgeon, a general manager, whatever it may be; he ceases to interest us in this article.

Of late years several conditions have changed, and with them the young man has also changed. There are young men who rarely go into society now, when ten years ago would have been glad to kill spare evenings in that way. Take the hockey fiend; he is very young, but he has learned to refuse his best and most blandishing girl's society the nights the game is on. She may go to the rink and hang over the gallery rail and catch any number of pulmonary complaints to be seen him, but he would play just as happily if she were miles away. The hockey young man on his skates and the football young man in his hair are not bothering much about society.

The occasional young man cuts a great figure while he lasts; sometimes his advent and impression are the features of the social season. He comes from abroad, a peripatetic Briton with a title, a foreigner with curious ideas of women, and a tendency to use strong perfume; a vague person, affecting rough attire and strong boots, but perfectly at home among the tea-cups of the five-o'clock. For the first species the life is fast and furious; tea, dinners, luncheons, girls and men fall over each other in his honor; a sort of mania seizes the silly set; even the more solid section of society sends out cards to meet Lord A. or Count B. The occasional young man is apt to mop his brows and marvel on the rate the Colonials live at. Sometimes, in order to ensure a reaction of proper proportions, he has even been known to annex the jewels of some enthusiastic host, and end his sojourn in our midst doing time under prison rules. Much more harmless, if less exciting, is the visit of the young man from the Motherland who speaks with a strong United Empire accent, and often marries one of our prettiest girls, taking her to unknown regions of ice and snow on his career as an agricultural experimentalist or a mounted policeman.

One more young man is the absent young man. Perhaps he is more in evidence just now, while he toils and freezes and writes tales unholy and untrue of the gold fields and the glaciers to his mother and his sister and his sweetheart, who looks at his unobtrusive engagement ring and finds it distinctly inadequate as a consoler. By and by he will be back, baulked or successful in his search for fortune, and take his place once more as the poor young man, or marry the sweetheart, invest his earnings and pay his taxes as a good citizen. Yes, he is still a possible strong figure in society is the absent young man, from whom everything is expected!

The Society of Authors and Publishers.

A CANADIAN author met a Canadian publisher and leading him to one side said unto him: "How is it that you publishers ask authors to rush to arms to win your fight on the copyright question?"

"Well, you are interested in it, too. It is also an author's question."

"It is to a certain extent. But the publisher and the author have been at war from time immemorial. To-day the president of the British Authors' Society is engaged in a bitter fight with publishers, alleging that they are but robbers and that they prey upon him and his kind."

"He is wrong."

"Of course you say so—you are a publisher. Let me relate to you a fable. Once upon a time a flock of Lambs were enclosed within a field and they continually bleated their grief because of being so pent up. 'Why can we not roam at will?' they cried. Some Lions had long been watching them from the edge of the forest, but dared not go near them for fear of being seen. One night they ventured near and said: 'It is too bad that you are in this plight. Help us to break down this high palisade and we will let you out. Yonder are the green woods—it is just lovely in the depths of the forest, so shady, so cool, and we are so strong that we can do lots of things for you.' The Lambs had grown so weary of the restraints long imposed upon them that they seized this kind offer and joined with the Lions, and the palings, shoved from within and shoved from without, swayed and fell in one place—sufficient for the Lions' purpose. The Lambs tripped into the forest, and the Lions never knew want again."

"Very pretty," said the publisher, "but I don't see the point."

"Moral," said the author. "If our authors have not sufficient originality to originate a Society of Authors they are not a promising class, and Lions are hungrier for Mutton than for fame as Liberators."

Spirit and Letter.
The Outlook.

Carpet Curate—Why didn't you come to the Albert Hall and help us last week?

Working Curate—Well, you see, I've my Working Men's Club to look after, and the Football Club, and the Young Men's Institute; and then my people expect me to go and look them up when they're ill, and I've to persuade some of them to keep sober, and others not to knock their wives away, and —

Carpet Curate—Of course, of course.

MR. WHITNEY MOCKRIDGE, TENOR,
Who Sings at the Lady Hallé Concert on Monday.MISS GERTRUDE STEIN, CONTRALTO,
Who Sings at the Lady Hallé Concert on Monday.

Hunting for a Place.

LAST week we needed a new caretaker and night watchman, and an advertisement was put in the *Telegram* and applicants were told to call on Thursday between three and four o'clock. All morning the telephone bells rang. Professors in colleges, Members of Parliament, wholesale merchants, managers of companies, and private individuals of all sorts rang up to recommend some special man. As the job is only worth a little over four hundred dollars a year it was astonishing to find so many people eager for it and yet accustomed to gathering every possible influence to bear in order to get a place.

Letters of all sorts were written, many of them pitiful in the extreme, the applicants begging to be heard first, insomuch as they had been out of employment for months and had always failed to get anything that was offering. One poor fellow made vows that he would work his fingers to the bone if he could only be given a trial, as he had not had a mouth's work in a year. Others sending copies of exceedingly good testimonials declared their willingness to accept any wage offered so long as they got a chance. Such letters as these are hard to read, for men must be eager to work or they would not beg for a place where the toil is from six in the afternoon till six in the morning without any company whatever, and they become responsible for the safety of eight floors. Other caretakers have had their arms blistered in using the hose to prevent the spread of adjacent fires, and altogether the job is one which has nothing to commend it except that it is within doors and steady.

An hour before the time advertised the applicants lined up in the main hall and in the business office. As an experience I undertook the job of selecting a man and found it very interesting, but so sudden that I rarely ventured a direct refusal, satisfying the man by taking his name, nationality, age, previous business and address, and promising to let him know if he were selected. Altogether there must have been sixty or seventy applicants, the majority of them conspicuously unsuited for the job, being uncouth and none too clean in their personal appearance.

Yet when some of these men presented their case it made one wish that there were a job for each of them. As a large boiler had to be attended to and experience in that regard was advertised as necessary, nearly all of them claimed to have been marine firemen, stationary engineers, acquainted with running an engine for a threshing-machine, or in some other indirect way to have knowledge of the management of so dangerous an apparatus as a big boiler.

"I've got ten children, sir, and I haven't had work for six months. I was fireman, sir, two seasons on a tug."

"Were you ever caretaker?"

"No, sir; but I've helped the wife with the housework when she was sewing and I couldn't get work." Leaning over the counter—"I'll take your own price, sir."

I told him I would let him know if he was selected.

"John Jones," replied one man when asked his name.

"Nationality?" I enquired.

"Henglish church, thank God, sir."

"I don't want to know your religion; where were you born?"

"Hin dear hold Kent, sir, hin Heng-land."

"What is your business?"

"Servant, sir, to noble families. 'Ave been always in the nobility, sir, till I came to this country."

"What is your age?"

"I'll tell you the truth, sir, as many of these won't. I'm fifty-six, sir." (He was seventy if he was a day.)

"What is your name?"

"Peter Dynan."

"Nationality?" I asked.

He leaned over the counter and said, "The same as your own, sor, R. C."

I told him I had no wish to know the religion of any applicant.

"Then why did you ask it, sor?" There was a general titter amongst the crowd of applicants, and a big fellow nudged him and said, "He was asking where you were born."

"Oh, is that it, sor?" he said. "Sligo, sor."

"What business?"

"I'm glad to be able to say so, sor, but I'm handy at anything, sor. 'Twas farm work I had in the Old Country, sor, but since I've been in Canada I've been helping on the wharves, and last year I had a job shoveling coal for an engine, and for a week when the engineer was sick I ran the engine, sor, and I'm quite competent, sor, to take charge of a boiler, sor."

A great big, greasy-looking fellow stood next. For an example of careless attire and thorough unadaptability he could not have been surpassed. In a half-whisper I suggested that he need not wait.

"Why?" he demanded with considerable acerbity.

"You are not suitable for the place," I added, though trying to avoid attracting attention to my remarks.

"Why?" he demanded, still more warmly.

"A man who is as untidy in his personal appearance as you are could not be expected to keep a building clean."

He started out and turned back, got outside the first door and turned again as if he would like to make a few personal remarks, but the applicants jostled him again, and I have no doubt he disappeared with some very angry words uttered.

"Malcolm McKillop," he replied.

"Scotch; sixty-one."

"Have you ever taken care of a building?" I enquired.

He looked at me kindly for a moment and said, "No, boy, but I knew you when you were a little bit of a fellow." He told me where he came from and I remembered him well as one of a family of wealthy farmers.

"I have never touched, tasted nor

handled." I am handy as a carpenter, a painter, understand boilers and machinery, and though my beard is gray I can do anything that any other man can. I ought to be able to do the work that you have to do, and I will make a faithful effort if you will give me the place."

"But you would not know anything about scrubbing, Mr. McKillop, and in taking care of an office building it is one of the chief requirements."

"Oh yes, I know something about scrubbing. Ever since my wife died—you knew the family—I have had to scrub the house and take care of the children."

I told him how sorry I would be if I had to pass him over, but I wanted an experienced man, and with the proud glance of a Highlandman he walked out.

"How much is there in it?" a half dozen men asked, thoroughly careless as to what they could do.

"Nothing," I replied, and passed on.

It is unnecessary to multiply instances. The butchers, bakers, valets, coachmen, life insurance agents, and men who had once occupied good positions made me feel before I was through that while we hear and see so much of the successful men in business, the failures only come to the surface when something is to be had which at least will ensure bread and butter. The saddest of all is the fact that these fellows as a rule are the men who could be least relied upon when engaged in even a menial capacity. A man who has all his life been a caretaker, particularly the man who has been at sea and has been taught to scrub decks and to keep the paint glistening, is the best one to entrust with a job where cleanliness and discipline and hard work without the eye of a master are most necessary.

Nationality has considerable to do with this sort of task. For smooth talk when applying for a job, a Cockney Englishman or an Irishman can outrank anybody else. The class of Englishmen and Irishmen, however, who are looking for such positions are apt to be eye servants. I would rather have a Scotchman who is somewhat crusty on his approach but who will work his full time and do his full allowance of grumbling under all circumstances.

An odd feature of the whole affair, however, was that over ninety per cent. of the applicants were Englishmen, absolutely out of work, while the Scotchmen had either recently lost their job through some unforeseen circumstance or were already doing something but wanted to better themselves. Of course it is not safe to generalize on nationalities, but it is an unfortunate fact that the wage-earning Englishman in Canada is the most helpless of his class and the hardest to please if you give him a position.

JAMES A. TUCKER.
Ow n Sound, Feb., '99.

To a Discouraged Artist.

This life here is all incomplete—we see but an arc of the ring. Some day you will paint me great pictures, some day you'll be able to sing Songs that will shame Petrarca's, or carve from the hard, white stone The clean, soft curves of a Venus fair as Praxiteles' own.

Why!

Because, friend, our own dumb bosoms feel always at home with the best; As the best rises, we rise with it—like bubbles that climb the wave's crest: We sit with the greatest as equals—we eat of the high priest's food—

No temple so glorious, so holy, we are conscious that we intrude!

Think you such heavenward impulse will not work its ultimate will?

This life's but the upward slope—the next, or the next, is the hill!

The hill from which Raphael and Shakespeare looked out with calm sweep over the plain. The hill they have left for a higher, and the one it is yours yet to gain.

JAMES A. TUCKER.

The Origin of Lent.

Customs and Church Duties of the Sunday of Lent.

AFAST occurring before the festival of Easter has been observed from the earliest days of Christianity, and like many other Christian rites and customs, it is probably of Jewish origin.

The Jews fasted for forty days before the annual sin-offering, or expiation for the sins of the nation, and Lent—the name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word *lenchen*, signifying spring—is observed for forty days before the anniversary of the death of Christ in expiation for the sins of the whole world.

The duration of the fast, however, differed in various localities and times down to the end of the sixth century. Ireneus, Bishop of Lyons, wrote to Victor, Bishop of Rome, in the second century: "The difference of opinion is not about the day alone, but the manner of fasting, for some think they are to fast one day, some two, some forty; some fast forty hours of the day and night." The original fast seems to have been appointed for the forty hours between the crucifixion and the resurrection.

Tertullian, writing early in the third century of the Christian era, speaks of this forty hours' fast. A few years later Origen speaks of forty days' fast before Easter as corresponding to the forty days' temptation in the wilderness. And at the Council of Nicaea, A.D. 325, this period is spoken of as if generally in use. The number forty was very anciently associated with seasons of fasting and humiliation in the history of the Jews. There were, for instance, the forty days of the deluge; the forty years' wandering of the children of Israel; Moses fasted forty days in the Mount, and so did Elijah in the wilderness; the Ninevites were allowed forty days for repentance, and the Saviour chose to observe the same number of days in His fast before the temptation in the wilderness.

Gregory the Great introduced the present mode of observance in the sixth century. He excluded Sundays from the number of fasting days, and began the fast on the Wednesday before the first Sunday in Lent, to complete the forty days. This first day of Lent was called Ash Wednesday, either because in the Eastern churches penitents appeared on that day in sackcloth garments with ashes on their heads, after the habit of mourners in those countries, or, as seems more probable, because it was the custom for the priests on that day to sprinkle ashes before the congregation with the words,

"Remember that thou art dust, and to dust thou shalt return."

The day before Ash Wednesday was called Shrove Tuesday, as on that day it was customary for the people to confess and be shriven or absolved from their sins before entering on the season of Lent. In Roman Catholic countries the days preceding Lent are called the Carnival, or farewell to meat, and are celebrated with games and feasting.

The fourth Sunday in Lent has been called Refreshment Sunday, owing no doubt to the fact that the portion of the gospel appointed for that day relates the feeding of the 5,000 by a miracle. In the Roman Catholic church more festivity is permitted than on any other day in Lent. In France it is called Mi-Careme, and specially celebrated. In Rome the "golden rose" is blessed on this day by the Pope, and presented to some distinguished person considered to have done good service to the church during the preceding year. This ceremony is accompanied by festive observances, which dis-



M. FELIX FAURE, THE LATE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

Died Suddenly in Paris, February 16.

distinguish this day from all others of the season.

St. Chrysostom, the "golden-mouthed" Bishop of Constantinople in the fourth century, speaks of great strictness in fasting in his day: "Some rival each other in fasting, rejecting wine and oil and indeed every dish, taking only bread and water during the whole of Lent." He also exhorts men to purify themselves during Lent by "prayer, alms-deeds, fasting, watching and confession of sins."

No marriages were allowed during the forty days, and festivals were transferred to Sundays. Public shows and amusements were forbidden, and all people were enjoined to engage in works of charity and self-denial.

The Roman and Greek churches give rules to their members regarding abstaining during Lent. The English Church has no express ruling on the subject, but urges the duty and the example of the primitive Christians, leaving the details to individual conscience.

Modern life and customs have so altered that it would be impossible to follow the ancient rule, but these changes have vastly increased opportunities for self-denial and sacrifice of pleasure. As George Herbert wrote:

"Starve thy sin,
And not thy bin,
And that's to keep Lent."

In the rural districts of England pancakes are always eaten on Shrove Tuesday and hot-cross buns on Good Friday. A "gammon of bacon" is served at Easter to show contempt for Judaism. The Gypsies are said to dine on baked calf's head on Easter Day. Mr. Samuel Pepys speaks of a Lenten supper at which was served a dish of red herrings with a corn salad.

Lent may be called the Sunday of the year, and the observance of the season with more or less strictness is yearly increasing among all Christian people.

Society pauses in its eager pursuit of pleasure. The great middle class of people turn from their busy vocations to meditation on the life which is to come.

To quote George Herbert again:

"Sum up at night what thou hast done by day:
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul. If with thy watch,
That too be down, then wind both up.
Since we shall most surely judged
Make thy accounts agree."

Two Women and Tess.

THE Wise Woman and the Frivolous Girl were sitting in front of me at a matinee performance of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. The Frivolous Girl shivered, because she was too hard-hearted to sympathize with the fate of the heroine.

"You'd think she would do something besides take all the hard luck Fate showers on her. She might at least get mad and say things."

"My dear child," the Wise Woman said, "you have wrong ideas of morality. You will find that sin hampers people in their course through life so that swift-footed Nemesis overtakes them as easily as—"

"A policeman overtakes a barge on the sidewalk. Of course, there would be no fun in sinning, nobody would sin and the lawyers would all have to study medicine or go to business college."

The Wise Woman looked sorrowfully at the Frivolous Girl.

"Where does the fun come in, in sinning? Tell me that."

"You don't suppose people transgress from a sense of duty, do you?" asked the other.

"Look at Tess—was there any joy for her in sining?"

"Life wasn't worth anything to her before she met Angel Clare, so she thought it wouldn't matter if she was a little more wretched, if it was going to make other people a good deal happier. The trouble was that she went back on her bargain and wanted to be happy herself, which shows the inadvisability of unselfishness in the first place, and the improbability of

can be entered in the ledger in favor of the white plague.

The great preventive of consumption is sunshine; the great remedies are sunshine and diet. In an article in *Chambers' Journal* on this subject the following information is given:

What is known of the "open-air treatment of consumption" has hitherto given the best results both in curing the disease and in prolonging life where complete recovery was impossible; and this method may be summed up in the words, "rest, abundant food, and a life in the open air." At some sanatoria the patient is merely encouraged to eat as much as he can manage; at others it is one of the rules of the institution that he eat double what he feels inclined to! The excellent results of overfeeding appear the more extraordinary when we consider the feeble digestion of the majority of cases of phthisis. At Nordach the maximum amount of food is not administered until after the lapse of the first few days. Then the doctor takes up a convenient position at each meal, and watches that the following *litteratus* are partaken of: Breakfast—Half-litre of milk and eggs and meat, as the patient likes. This is the only meat at which one can suit one's inclinations. Dinner at 1.15—Half-litre of milk. First course, about half-pound of beef or fish; second course, about half-pound of veal, mutton, or poultry; as much vegetables as can be crowded into two plates; half-pound bread, half-pound pudding, rice, batter, custard, or ice-cream. Supper at 7—Same quantity as dinner, with dessert, and the courses are as varied as dinner. These two meals have to be taken under the eye of the doctor, and no servant is allowed to remove a plate until quite empty. Alcohol is allowed (as beer or wine). A half-litre of milk is nearly a pint.

The annual report of the Gravenhurst Sanitarium has just been issued, and men and women throughout the province who have an interest in combating the white plague should write to the superintendent of that institution for a copy of the report. They will find the work a worthy one—a work that should appeal to those who have money to donate or to bequeath for the benefit of mankind.

Prince Ranjitsinhji's Intentions.

PRINCE RANJITSINHJI is expected to return to England about Easter, after an absence of eighteen months, and will play cricket with Sussex this summer. It is announced that during the season he will select a team of amateur players to go on a tour of India next winter. While he is touring India the Prince will help to select the eleven Indian players who are to visit England in 1900 under his captaincy. This Indian team will certainly prove highly popular in England next season. A cricket tour of India, on the other hand, is not altogether a novelty, as teams under the direction of Mr. G. F. Vernon and Lord Hawke have previously visited India, the first in 1889-90, when ten matches were won, two drawn and one lost, and the other three years later, when Lord Harris was Governor of Bombay. Fifteen games were on that occasion won against a couple of defeats and six drawn games. Since then the standard of cricket in India has been raised.

Genesis and Geology.

EV. F. L. HIGGINS began a course of lectures last Sunday evening on *Genesis and Geology* at the New Jerusalem church on Elm street, Toronto. This first lecture was in the nature of a scientific introduction to those to follow, which will, promised the speaker, show that the account of the six days of creation is a parable treating in symbolic language of the regeneration of man, for the Scriptures have a spiritual significance.

"The Genesis account," said he, "is admitted by all scientific Bible students to be scientifically incorrect, in its statement of the time when the sun was created—the fourth day. But the events are given in exactly such an order as would have appeared to a man observing them from the surface of the earth itself. We know the sun was created before the earth was formed, instead of on the fourth day. But the events are given in exactly such an order as would have appeared to a man observing them from the surface of the earth itself, it becomes evident that its purpose is not to treat of the creation of the material universe as such alone, but of the spiritual formation or regeneration of man. And when viewed in this light it will be seen that

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
New York, Southampton (London) Bremen

Trove, March 7; Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, March 11; Lahn, March 21; Kaiser Friederich, March 29; Trove, April 4; Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, April 11; Lahn, April 18; Kaiser Friederich, April 25.

Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, largest and fastest ship in the world.

First saloon, \$75 up; second saloon, \$45.75 to

\$20.

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Anecdotal.

In the course of a conjugal tiff, the wife gave her husband a slap in the face. Instead of flying into passion, the husband, very composedly, took up his hat, but before going away, said: "Madam, six years ago, when I solicited of your parents your hand, I little suspected the use you would make of it."

Admiral Schley is very proud of the full-dress uniform which he wears on ceremonial occasions. At a reception in Washington the other night a lady asked him if it were a new one. "No, indeed!" he exclaimed; "I have worn this uniform for the past twenty years. It has been baptized several times."

Just after his return to Washington from spending Christmas in his Iowa home, Congressman Hepburn was asked by Clerk McDowell, who looks after the mileage of Congressmen, "How far is it to your home, Mr. Hepburn?" The Iowa man reflected for a moment and then said: "Five hundred and thirteen dollars' mileage."

A few openers in England greatly astonished group of women who were constructing evergreen mottes and wreaths for Christmas by announcing that she had found "a stray hen a-laying in the pulpit." Their excitement was calmed when she produced a large green "N" which had "strayed" from some text or legend.

At Windsor Castle, on one occasion, the Guards' Band was playing out on the terrace during déjeuner, and the Queen was so much struck by one pretty march tune that she desired one of the Maids of Honor to go and ascertain what it was called. The classic features of that high-born damsel were suffused with blushes as she returned and made answer: "Come Where the Booze is Cheaper." Your Majesty!"

Mr. C. F. Gill, who has just been made a Queen's Counsel, has the happiest assurance, probably, of any practitioner. While defending a prisoner charged with fraud, some time ago, at the Central Criminal Court, he raised topics which drew from the judge the request that he would "let bygones be bygones." The prisoner was eventually convicted, and a long list of previous convictions was read out against the man. "What have you to say to this, Mr. Gill?" asked

A Visiting List

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His Lordship. "I can only suggest," said the learned junior promptly, "that Your Lordship should let bygones be bygones."

Voltaire had once taken a box at the opera and was installed in it with some ladies, when the Duke of Lauzun, one of the worst libertines in the time of Louis the Fifteenth, arrived and asked for a box. He was respectfully informed that all the boxes were taken. "That may be," he said, "but I see Voltaire in one; turn him out." In those times such things could happen, and Voltaire was turned out. He brought an action against the Duke to recover the price of the box. "What?" exclaimed the advocate for the Duke, "is it M. de Voltaire who dares to plead against the Duke of Lauzun, whose great-grandfather was the first to get on the walls of La Rochelle against the Protestants, whose grandfather took twelve cannons from the Dutch at Utrecht, whose father captured two standards from the English at Fontenoy, who—" "Oh, but excuse me," interrupted Voltaire, "I am not pleading against the Duke of Lauzun who was first on the walls of La Rochelle, nor against the Duke who captured twelve cannon from the Dutch at Utrecht, nor against the Duke who captured two standards from the English at Fontenoy; I am pleading against the Duke of Lauzun who never captured anything in his life but my box at the opera."

Is Theft Not the Proper Word?

Two Women and Their Desserts.

FOR some time past quiet rumors have been floating about town that someone who "goes out" a good deal must have defective ideas of the rights of property holders, and over generous notions of the duty one owes to oneself; not "if one does not see what one wants to ask for it," but, rather, if one sees the desire article, to take it. A man correspondent has written some frank statements as to the losses more or less patiently endured by society women, who have found themselves minus purses, card-cases, and small articles of fur-wear; in one notorious instance a sealskin sacque was taken and an inferior jacket left to the indignant victim. At a recent wedding three small but valuable presents were abstracted by some one or more of the persons who crowded the room in which they were displayed. At a recent tea a valuable silver-mounted umbrella, specially given in charge to a servant, was claimed by a lady (?) who left a half-worn one in its place.

She knows she has the poor old Earl to fall back upon. She maunders over the fact that she "certainly was good to him," when he has kindly died and left her a wealthy widow; she kills Sir John because she is afraid he will interfere with her gratification of a passion she calls love. She is a lady, my faith! That storming fury of a Clo'! And she gets everything, love, wealth, rank, and the odor of sanctity when she dies. It is the falsest and the most unrighteous book I ever read; the most untrue and abominable play I ever saw. I could cheerfully have seen the split Clo' hanged, for the good of the audience, for the righteousness of things in general.

But that other, that little pia-fac? Ah, hers was a life balanced evenly. She sinned, and her punishment came, just as it comes to all of us, for there never was a scot-free like Clorinda, never, never, never! And she loves, and she tells her sin, wringing the words from her heart with blood, and she is left to die her dread alone, as is good and just, and when she murders her betrayer, the inexorable justice of her chronicler hangs her in Wessex Jall. Good man, Hardy! Thou hast written a righteous book. And good little pia-face—with all thy sins, I would rather be thee than my Lady Clorinda! I am not telling of the exquisite art of the small, pale Tess—so different from one's ideals, nor of her pitiful voice, which wrung the heart of every woman, nor of her strong submission to her lover. That scene was a strong side-light on the penality a woman pays for sinning the sin of women, which ought to be worth its weight in gold to every woman. It is the inexorable justice of her life that avails me. Inevitable, as it always is. Her fate overtakes her. One is jubilant that she has even three days of happiness, but one would not have her live, and pose as a penitent, or as a sanctimonious Lady Bountiful. It was just that she should die. Mercy could have done nothing for her. Poor Tess! And yet she was not so poor as Her Grace of Osmund, who lived and laughed! She was more dignified, more worthy, on her scaffold in Wessex Jall, with her small feet dancing on nothing, than that other, with diamonds on her fair neck, instead of a cruel hempen cord, for Tess paid up fairly her penalty with her young life, while that other juggled fate with consummate skill, and was a straw woman, in a false tale.

We have never spoken of it again. I have never mentioned the name of either party, but sometimes the imbecility of the kleptomaniac strikes me as forcibly as it did that afternoon. A remarkable handkerchief, with a name as plain as day on it, was certainly a frantic thing to annex in such a fashion. And I've been vain to wonder what she thought when she missed it from her pocket—what she thinks if she ever sees its rightful owner sporting it at a dinner or ball? There is a great cruelty in such thefts which perhaps the fashionable sinner does not consider. There is many a good, honest maid quietly dismissed when such thefts occur; many an upright servant suspected and mistrusted. And it is a mighty uncomfortable thing to receive letters from trustworthy citizens detailing their losses, and suggesting the writing of this unpleasant paragraph, that the kleptomaniac may take my warning and, haply, his or her departure as well.

Hostess—Dear me, the conversation is flagging. What can we do to amuse our guests? Host—I don't know, unless we leave the drawing-room for a few minutes and give them a chance to talk about us.

Last week we had the second opportunity to see the dramatization of a much-talked-of novel, and to draw cur-

Boarding-school Girl—How entrancing it is to walk through the woods in this beautiful autumn weather! To hear the mysterious whispering of the trees! If I could understand the beautiful language of that venerable oak tree, I wonder what it would say?

Hard-hearted Scientist—My dear young lady, it would say,

"I beg your pardon, but I am a beech tree."

—*Fleigende Blaetter.*

At The Marriage Bureau.

TRULY the progress of science is a wonderful thing, and its latest application is the introduction of the matrimonial agency business. Hitherto, the ordinary photo has been the only mean at the command of the suitor for judging of the charms of his prospective fair one, and photos, as everyone knows, are in certain cases apt to be misleading. Moreover, the photo is only a "still life" picture, and gives no clue to the life and habits of the original. But the cinematograph has changed all that, and now Coeles in search of a wife steps down to the office of the marriage-monger, and selects the photo which strikes him as most attractive.

"Let me see this one," he says to the manager.

"Certainly, sir, certainly," is the brisk reply. "John, trot out No. 15,007."

The visitor is then shown into a darkened room, and in a few minutes a ball room scene is depicted on the screen, in which No. 15,007 is to be observed gracefully dispensing herself in the mazes of the giddy waltz.

A brief interval of darkness ensues, after which he sees the same elegant damsel displaying the exquisite curves of her undulating figure at a fashionable skating rink. In rapid succession he sees this beauteous syren driving off from the tee on a well-known golf links, bicycling along a country road in a bewitching tailor-made costume, and finally taking a graceful header into the ladies' swimming bath in a daintily chic bathing suit which was evidently designed in Paris with a view to being worn at Trouville.

"Is that all?" enquired Coeles, a little anxiously.

"Yes, sir. That finishes No. 15,007," replies the manager, briskly.

"I am afraid she is just a little too fond of amusements to suit me," says the candidate, doubtfully. "Of course, I have not had much experience, but isn't that kind of wife rather expensive?"

"Well, of course, sir, if you put it that way, we have had occasional complaints of the kind from clients who have married sporting young ladies. But there are plenty more on our list." Then, turning to the attendant, he remarks, "John, just trot out No. 805 on the 'Domestic Virtues' list."

Once more Coeles fixes his eyes upon the screen, and sees a plain but interesting-looking girl dexterously and rapidly sewing a button on to the neck-band of a shirt, while beside her on the table is a pile of neatly-darned socks.

The next scene shows her with her sleeves rolled up making the pastry.

LADY GAY.

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There's a trim little house at the bend of the street, Where the lace at the windows is snowy and sweet; And it's thither I wend, to that magnet-like door, When the silvery chimes in St. Mary's ring four; For four is the hour that sounds gay as a song When Sylvia pours the Monsoon Indo-Ceylon.

MONSOON
INDO-CEYLON TEA

with the cook in the background attending to the saucers on the fire.

Again, she is seen in a fetching nurse's uniform tending the sick in the ward of a large hospital; while the last set of pictures depicts her arguing with the green grocer, and finally going off with her purchases, having evidently got the best of the bargain.

"I think," said Coeles, decidedly, "that this lady will suit me down to the ground."

"Very good, sir. Delighted, I am sure, to be able to accommodate you," says the obliging manager, handing him a card, fixing the day and hour at which he may call to have a personal interview with No. 905.

"And then," he adds, in a moment of expansiveness, "I congratulate you on your choice, sir, for she's a very charming young lady; but if you'll take my word for it, sir, we don't have half such a run on the 'Domestic Virtues' series among our gentlemen clients, as we do on the 'Sporting' and 'Fashionables,' though some of the latter seem to consist mainly of stays and hair curlers!"

The New Woman.

Here is a genuine surprise! The Speaker of the Colorado Legislature stepped down from his chair one day, within a fortnight, and gave his place to a woman. She was Mrs. Frances S. Lee, representative from Arapahoe county on the Populist ticket. Newspaper reports say that during occupancy of the chair she kept the house in order. Most of the embarrassment, it is added, was felt by the masculine members, at a loss for the proper manner of address, when referring to her. "Madame Speaker," was the form which was finally adopted, although Mrs. Speaker and Mrs. President, and even Mr. President, were heard.

A New Idea.

At an informal dance given in New York last week a pleasant diversion was secured by the way in which the guests were marshalled for supper.

Paper hearts torn apart in two irregular pieces were distributed, and then matched by the company. On each paper was written a name which gave a clew to the missing part. Pyramids looked for Thisbe; Gavin Dishart sought Lady Babbie; the Princess Flavia found her Rassendi; Faustine Marguerite, and so on. A short valentine cotillion followed supper, at which the favors were, among other things, heart-shaped boxes filled with sweets for the girls, and bright, gay ribbons tied in lovers' knots for the ribbons tied in true

Studio and Gallery

THE important event of the next few weeks will be the annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, which opens to the public on March 3. We believe the change of time from May to March will be an advantageous one to both artists and public. There are many things which militate against the interests of the exhibition. The need of an appropriate building has been always felt. The want, all the year round, of the proper stimulus for art growth and progress, coming from intelligent general appreciation of art; and a demand for it, especially in civic life, is also felt. Civic art gives life to the expression of art generally. The multiplicity of small functions in the way of displays by artists privately; and, above all, and worse than all, the importation of cargoes of canvas and paint, to be sold here under conditions that excite the cupidity and niggardliness of purchasers, precludes the building up of a public taste in art. In the face of existing conditions there is an amazing and most exacting expectancy on the part of a certain portion of the public whenever an art society gives an exhibition. Is it not just possible, considering the public attitude all the year towards art, that those exacting personages would find it rather difficult to definitely say what it is that makes a picture a work of real merit? In spite of, and not because of, any art atmosphere the Society of Artists exists, and gives to the public this year an exhibition of merit. We make no apology for calling it the best yet held. There are several causes why it should be the best. We think a general art feeling has been almost perceptible during the past year; several artists have spent months abroad, in serious study; the standard of requirement in the O. S. A. is every year becoming more elevated; attention to decorative work is becoming a feature of art life here, and has in it promise for the future—the hope itself is a stimulus. The fact that these paintings are required and eligible for the coming exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy at Montreal, to immediately follow this exhibition, has induced each artist to produce his best. The attention to figure work, which has been a feature of this year's study with many, indicates progression. The outdoor study has been faithfully persisted in. The special efforts which have been put forth to give a more fitting display to the paintings by the selection of a particularly suitable background of darkest red, and the other improvements in the surroundings, will render the exhibition much more effective. The hanging committee, acting under the instructions of the society, are selecting carefully, and will hang with discretion, and, of course, with traditional charity. There will be no wearisome repetition of any one artist, we are glad to say.

In addition to all this, Harris and Brymner, of Montreal, have been asked to contribute, and Brownell of Ottawa. Now, if these reasons are not convincing enough to satisfy any that this exhibition is much ahead of any yet undertaken by the O. S. A., why see the exhibition for yourself, and you will think of lots more reasons I have omitted.

The ramifications of the enterprise of the portrait exhibition are extending and stretching deep and wide. Not being the plans of either "mice" or "men," they are not likely to "gang-a-gle" in the careful counsels of the Woman's Art Association. We are not contemplating failure, but are rejoicing in anticipation of an acquaintance with our "forebears" and our contemporary friends and relatives, which will greatly enlarge the circle of our acquaintance. This will be a mutual benefit to us and to our ancestors.

A. Dickson Patterson entertained his friend, Homer Watson, this week, previous to Mr. Watson's departure for England, where an exhibition of his paintings will be given soon. We feel that he will receive there even a

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Johnny (observing a group of ladies posing for a photograph)—Say, mamma, are those women waiting to be vaccinated?

greater measure of appreciation than has been given him here. We trust he may not find the art climate over the water so very congenial that his visit will be a permanent one. We need such artists to help to lay abiding foundations of art here in Canada. Though little present glory is attached to such labor the conviction that the future will honor the debt is often sufficient to great men.

We are growing ever increasingly literary and artistic, and we shall ere long have puzzling difficulty in selecting from the crowded menu that best suited to our individual constitutional requirements. The possibilities of last Saturday were many. Whether to contemplate Savonarola, with Prof. Clark in Rosedale school, and have the additional comfort of an approving conscience in giving our silver to further school art; or to sit enthralled under the sentiment and patois of Dr. Drummond, and have the advantage of a closer view of him, under the hospitable roof of St. Margaret's College; or to settle down to serious practical work with the W. A. A. in the studio of Miss M. Cary McConnell, was distracting to many.

Mrs. G. A. Reid, A. R. C. A., is acting as directress of art in St. Margaret's College during the somewhat protracted illness of Mr. L. R. O'Brien, R. C. A.

The Marquise de Wentworth is the only woman who has ever painted the Pope, and we went yesterday to her studio to see the portrait she had just finished of Lee XIII., for which he gave her several sittings, writes the Paris correspondent of the Bazaar.

He is painted standing, with two fingers raised in the act of giving benediction. He is very bent, very feeble, Madame de Wentworth says, but he did not wish to be painted so, and the picture is consequently of a man younger than he by some ten years.

It is not easy to obtain even an audience from the Holy Father in these days; but everything was arranged for Madame de Wentworth in advance by her friends, Cardinal Ferrotti and Cardinal Rampolla. The former was at one time Papal Nuncio at Paris, and had the greatest admiration for Madame de Wentworth's talents, and her capacity for work and devotion to it. She always rises at six, and by eight has breakfasted, got her correspondence out of the way, and is at her easel. Her portrait of Cardinal Vaughan has just taken a gold medal at the exposition of Turin.

JEAN GRANT.

A Family Picture.

M AES, a portrait painter of Amsterdam, once visited Jordaeans of Antwerp, an assistant of Rubens, and successful as a historical and allegorical painter. On Maes expressing his admiration of the Antwerp artist's paintings, Jordaeans asked: "What subjects do you paint?"

"I paint portraits," answered Maes.

"I pity you most sincerely, brother artist," said Jordaeans, "for being a martyr to that branch of painting; where, let your merit be ever so great, you must suffer the whims, the folly and the ignorance of both men and women."

The Antwerp painter spoke from experience, for he occasionally painted portraits. Allan Cunningham, in his "Lives of British Painters," tells a story of Copley, the father of Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, which reveals his admiration of the Antwerp artist's paintings. Jordaeans asked: "What subjects do you paint?"

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"But," replied the artist, "she is dead: what can I do? She must come in as an angel."

"Oh, no—no angels for me; she must come in as a woman."

The portrait was added, but several months elapsed before the man again called at Copley's studio, and when he did, a strange lady held on to his arm.

"I must have another sketch from your hand, Copley," said he. "An accident befell my second wife: this lady is my third, and she has come to have her likeness included in the family picture."

The painter introduced the likeness of wife number three, and the man ex-

pressed himself satisfied with the por-

traits of his three spouses. But the lady remonstrated; never was such a

thing heard of; out her predecessors must go. The artist painted them out,

and the man left, muttering, "Strange!"

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MUSIC

THOSE of my readers who take a pride in having a comprehensive collection of musical literature will be interested in hearing that the firm of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons of New York announce the publication during the year of a series to be called *The Music Lover's Library*. The first volume, it is expected, will be *The Orchestra and Orchestral Music* by William J. Henderson, critic of the *New York Times*. Mr. H. E. Krehbiel of the *Tribune* will contribute *The Pianoforte and Its Music*, while Henry T. Finch of the *Post* will devote his attention to *Songs and Song Writers*. William F. Apthorpe promises a book on *The Opera, Past and Present*. He states that his investigations of early operatic history in the light of the recent scientific musical researches have gone to prove that a good many traditions must be sacrificed, and that not a few supposed facts have been proved fictions.

Two talented piano pupils of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison gave last week a recital in the Conservatory of Music Hall which proved extremely interesting and attractive. They were Mrs. A. W. Chisholm and Miss N. McTaggart, and were received by a large and fashionable audience. The compositions selected were of a class that required in the rendering advanced technical and musical training. Miss McTaggart played, for instance, a sonata by Beethoven, the Bolero by Chopin, and En Route by Godard; while Mrs. Chisholm gave the Wagner-Liszt Spinnerried, two numbers by Jadassohn, and a group by Nevin. Both ladies showed a well cultivated style and exceptional executive ability. Miss Edith Hill, a pupil of Mrs. Bradley, and Miss Alicia E. Hobson, a pupil of Mr. Tandy, were the singers who assisted, and delighted the audience with two songs admirably rendered. Master Fred Alderson, a pupil of Mrs. Adamson, showed promising talent in a violin solo, Bohm's Cavatina.

The Brantford Musical Society won much credit for its production of Spencer's operetta, *Princess Bonnie*, at the Opera House of that town. The principal roles were assigned to Miss Grace Wilson, Miss Mae Smith, Miss Nolan, Messrs. Walter Hardwick, R. J. Smith, J. G. Liddell, J. A. Stewart, W. B. and J. A. Seace and Dr. E. Hart. The chorus was large and prettily costumed, and there was a compact little orchestra.

Mr. Plunket Greene, the descriptive singer, is to give a return concert in Association Hall on March 6. He will be assisted by Miss Beverley Robinson and Mr. Howard Pearce.

The attention of English musicians is being seriously directed to the degrading kind of songs served up to the working and lower classes of London. A letter to the *Times* gives a deplorable picture of the degradation of music at many places of amusement. In one music hall visited, the first singer having glorified idleness and worse, the second directed himself to the glorification of drink. His first began, "Last night I went out on the booze." The delectable chorus was as follows:

Seeing it out, seeing it out,
At every pub we stopped,
And whisky, brandy, gin and beer,
Everywhere we moped;
Cannon'd at the lamp posts,
Knocked against the wall,
Seeing it out, seeing it out,
Till we couldn't see at all.

But this is not the worst, as many of the songs offered at these music halls are often marked by indecent coarseness and ribaldry. The Incorporated Society of Musicians are taking the matter up, and are appealing to wealthy and benevolent persons to provide the funds necessary to sustain nightly concerts of good and elevating music in suitable buildings in different parts of the metropolis, at which the admission fees would be almost nominal. Mr. W. H. Cummings expresses the opinion that such a work systematically carried out in the large cities and towns would do more to elevate the nation than any of the excellent efforts yet made in that direction.

The world-renowned contralto, Mme. Albini, who was born in 1824, is living in quiet retirement in Paris. She is considered the most remarkable contralto of the nineteenth century. She made her first appearance at Covent Garden Theater in 1847, and she created such a furor that her manager spontaneously raised her salary from £300 to £2,000 for the season. She was a woman of imposing appearance even in those days, and her voice was a grand one. It was a pure, rich, deep contralto, with a range of two octaves from G to G. Her style was that of the old Italian school in its noblest days.

Mme. Schumann-Heink is, according to all accounts, the greatest contralto that has been heard in New York for many years. Mr. W. J. Henderson, the critic of the *Times* of that city, says: "In all passages which lie within the natural range of her voice—one as large as that of Albini's—her emission is smooth, sonorous, and productive of unfailing beauty of tone. Her phrasing is almost invariably the perfection of art, and her enunciation of the text shows a perfect command of vocalization. These features of her method enable her to sing such a thing as the brindisi with all the beauty of color ever imparted to it by an Italian singer, while

the programme was provided by the following artists: Mrs. G. de M. Harvey, mezzo-soprano; Miss Ruby Shea, contralto; Mr. W. W. Flirth of Toronto, baritone; Mr. D. Anderson and Mr. J. K. McMaster, flutists; Mr. and Mrs. Martin Cleworth, clowns.

The band of the 13th Battalion opened the concert with a popular number. All the local critics eulogize the artistic finish of Mrs. Harvey's singing, the beautiful quality of Miss Shea's voice, and the brilliant vocalization of Mrs. Murphy. Encores were generously distributed.

Richard Wagner is said to have been affected in a superstitious way by the figure 13, (note the 13 letters in his name). He was born in 1813 (1 + 8 + 1 + 3 = 13), and at the age of 13 the bent of his taste and diligence was displayed by his translation of the first twelve books of the *Odyssey*. Of his 13 chief works, *Tannhauser* was completed on April 13, 1845, and was performed on March 13, 1861. He left Bayreuth on September 13, 1861, and died at Venice on February 13, 1883.

Invitations are out for a vocal recital by pupils of Miss Norma Reynolds next Tuesday evening in the hall of the Conservatory of Music.

A piano recital, being the second of a series by pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt, was given at his residence on Saturday afternoon last, and proved a most enjoyable event, as well as of much musical interest in reference to the class of compositions rendered. The pupils all played from memory, and showed extensive executive powers as well as a musicianly and finished rendering. Those who contributed to the programme were: Miss Jessie Perry, Ida Kerr, Frances Macdonald, Mary Hazarty, Nellie Hallowell, and Messrs. Douglas H. Bertram and Leslie Hodgson. The feature of the recital was Saint-Saëns's brilliant and difficult composition, variations upon a theme of Beethoven, op. 35, for two pianos, and played by Miss Perry and Master Bertram.

The piano pupils of Mr. Frank Welsman, our talented young Canadian musician, gave a most creditable recital on the evening of February 16 in the hall of the College of Music. An exciting and mostly classical programme was carried out in a manner that not only testified to the ability of the pupils, but also to the effective and painstaking methods of their instructor. Those who appeared were: Miss Ethel Millchamp, who played Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C minor; Miss Alice Welsman, who gave two Chopin preludes in G minor and F, and the waltz, op. 70, No. 1; Miss Frances Bower, who contributed Schubert's Impromptu in A flat and the Chopin Polonaise in C sharp minor; Miss Daisy Deyell, who rendered Field's nocturne in A and Grieg's An der Fruehling, and the Misses Helena Slight, Maude Millman, Maxwell and Sutherland. As Miss Deyell is about to leave for Port Hope, where she will engage in the teaching profession, it may be mentioned that she is one of Mr. Welsman's most promising pupils, and that her two numbers were played in a specially clear and musical style.

Dr. E. J. Hopkins relates the following story of an English Mus. B., of whose organ-playing he was not very favorably impressed. Being anxious to know the opinions of others on the point, he asked Mr. Robson, the London organ-builder, what he thought. "Sir," said the builder, putting on a solemn tone of voice, "Mr. — is a most respectable man." "Yes," replied Dr. Hopkins, "I have no doubt about that, but how does he rank as an organist?" "Sir," resumed Mr. Robson, "Mr. — is a most exemplary man, and he plays as though he were also a very charitable man." "But pray, Mr. Robson," continued his questioner, "what do you mean by saying that he performs like a charitable man?" "Well, if I must be explicit, Mr. — plays on the organ as though he 'let' not his left hand know what his right hand doeth."

Mme. Marchesi honestly believes that the singing of Wagner's music injures the voice. When she was residing at Vienna Wagner used to visit her frequently, and in the course of these visits the pair had long discussions on matters relating to singing. There was one point upon which they could not agree. Wagner's opinion was that "every voice should be at the command of the composer." The lady held, on the contrary, that the composer must take into consideration the compass of the different voices, by which interpretation, pronunciation and declamation must naturally benefit. Wagner never yielded. He remained true to his principles to the end, and so, says Mme. Marchesi, many voices have been ruined. She holds, in short, that Wagner, in trying to blend the three essential elements of melodrama—music, words and action—has ended by giving prominence to the orchestra and treating the voice merely as an additional wind instrument.

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A facetious English journalist says: "The title of Conan Doyle's latest novel, *A Duet with an Occasional Chorus*, will appeal forcibly to music-sellers for thirty cents per copy. I shall be glad to know if you are minded to give me an order for this musical and homely comedy."

Candidates for the Board's examinations and dealers will have to buy the Board's examination piano music through the Board.

Small wonder that the Canadians refuse to believe the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music to be actuated by "art" motives,

or by any other motives than those of the huckster. I wonder, by the way, what Sir Arthur Sullivan, who is a member of the Board, thinks of the recent *exposes*."

The choir of West Presbyterian church, conducted by Mr. W. J. McNally, gave a very successful service of praise on Thursday evening of last week. The first part of the programme, which was of a miscellaneous character, was taken part in by Mrs. Leonora James Kennedy, Mrs. A. Mol Dow, Mr. Bruce Bradley and Mr. Oscar Wenbourne, while the second was devoted to Mauder's sacred cantata, *Penitence, Pardon and Peace*, in which the solo parts were sung by Mrs. Kennedy and Mr. Wenbourne.

A notable concert and society function was given on Wednesday evening, February 15, at the Grand Opera House, Hamilton, in aid of the St. Mary's Orphan Asylum. The theater was crowded to the

gallop round the inclosure as the music became wilder and shriller. The effect on the coyotes, at the sound of music, was marked and interesting. They ranged themselves in a semi-circle, and, sitting upon their haunches, listened with the greatest attention. They kept perfectly still as long as the music lasted, and when it came to an end they were evidently disappointed. One little coyote ran towards the musician, and pawed at him through the bars as if imploring him to continue. The snakes showed distinct preference for the bagpipes, played softly, as in some way approaching the airs of the native Hindoo. One of the cobras had evidently been through the performance in India, for he quickly uncoiled himself at the sound of the music, and, raising his head, spread out his "hood" in quite the orthodox fashion, swaying slightly from side to side as the music rose and fell.—*Pearson's*.

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"Now, children," said the Sunday school teacher, "can you tell me of a greater power than a king?" "Yes, ma'am," cried a little boy, eagerly. "What, Willie?" asked the teacher, benignly. "An ace, ma'am," was the unexpected reply.—*Tit-Bits*.

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Act II.—The Angel of the Egyptian Hospital.
Act III.—A Corsican Wedding. The Home of the Vendetta.

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EVAN WILLIAMS

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...NOTICE...

A General Meeting of the Stockholders of The Sheppard Publishing Company, Limited, will be held at the hour of 3 p.m. on Wednesday, March 15 next, at the offices of the Company, 29 King Street West. The management of the affairs of the Company will be presented and officers elected for the ensuing year. By order.

R. BUTCHART,
Toronto, Feb. 25, 1899.
Sec.-Treas.

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Social and Personal.

The Canadian Commissioners have returned from Washington and the opening of Parliament at the Capital is the next thing on the programme. So far the Minto regime has been uneventful, and the tide of popularity of the new vice-royalties has had no marked ebb either towards ebb or flow. The first opening is, however, looked forward to with interest, and the date is being enquired for and will possibly be announced before this paragraph goes to press. Shall it be plumes and veils, or shall we go in our puffs and bangs and aigrettes? By the way, the prompt letter from Aide de Camp Drummond soon put a stop to the fault-finding about Lady Minto's alleged interference in the case of the Vian murderess. It appears the wife of the Governor-General has not any ambition to run the laws and the penalties of the judicial community. Like a little lady, as she is, Countess Mary simply expressed sympathy with a human creature in *extremis* and sent the appeal to the proper official to deal with.

It is amazing how fashionable the breakdown has become. Not the darkey dance, if you please, but the feminine collapse, which whisk away the person achieving it to some health resort or private hospital. One wonders whether, if there were no refuge for the broken butterfly, if she would break so frequently and so completely. The good old fashion of living intelligently seems to have given place in certain grades, to the whirl and the breakdown. The irrational being who lives on excitement has the profanity to thank heaven for the arrival of the Lenten season. She goes to church regularly, reads a good deal, eats enormous amounts of candy and thinks of the dark side of life. The worst-tempered time in the year is Lenten tide; more scandal is concocted and the unnerved votary of pleasure is always out of sorts. If it promises an early spring she has at all events the saving employment of getting her spring and summer knockabout frocks ready, and she dream of that inspiring article, the Easter bonnet.

Captain James P. Beaty, for a number of years a popular officer of the Toronto Field Battery, has returned from New York, where, for the last two years, he has been engaged in business. For the present Captain Beaty is stopping with his sister, Mrs. George B. Brown of Parkdale.

Mrs. James T. Madden has left Berwick Hall and rented a furnished house, 562 Sherbourne street, for the balance of the winter months, where she will be at home second and fourth Mondays.

Mrs. William Britton has sent out cards for a tea on next Thursday afternoon at her residence, 17 Isabella street.

Miss Kinnear, daughter of the late Stanley Kinnear of Halifax, N. S., has arrived in Toronto and will reside with her mother at 125 Bathurst street.

The Woman's Residence Association of University College have sent out cards for an afternoon tea this afternoon from half-past four to six o'clock at University College.

Mr. Cringan lectures at Trinity this afternoon, and after the lecture Mrs. Rigby and the St. Hilda young ladies will entertain at tea in the library.

Mr. White Fraser has received a Government appointment as surveyor of the boundary between British Columbia and the Yukon, and will leave immediately for the West.

Captain and Mrs. Harrison and Captain and Mrs. Forester were the guests of Mr. C. E. Macpherson on a trip to the Falls

last week.

He—Which would you prefer, dear—orchestra seats and a carriage, or a box and a cable car? She—if it's all the same to you, darling, I'll take gallery seats, a bird and a bottle.—Life.

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last week to see the ice bridge. The vice-regal party from Ottawa had a very jolly visit to Niagara this week, and returned home on Tuesday evening.

Mr. W. A. Fraser of Georgetown was in town this week, on the way home from a visit in New York, where he was the guest of Mr. Doubleday.

Mrs. Wallbridge, who recently removed to 20 Madison avenue, the house formerly occupied by Mrs. Coldham, will receive on Fridays, holding her first reception this week. Mrs. and Miss Jeanie Wallbridge have many friends, and the West side has gained a very successful hostess, who, with her charming daughter, has been abroad for several years.

The Lenten daily services at St. James' are of considerable interest. Professor Clark and Rev. Dyson Hague have given some very fine addresses since the noon services began on Ash Wednesday. The Provost of Trinity is preaching an evening series on Sundays at St. Alban's, which, I am told, began most auspiciously last Sunday.

The serious illness of Mr. Douglass of Walmer road has been a great anxiety to the Governor-General at Rideau Hall during his stay in Ottawa. He will revisit Toronto for a concert very shortly.

Mrs. J. W. Daniel of Brunswick avenue was at home to a host of her friends last Saturday afternoon. The hostess received in a frock of gray cashmere with white

yoke trimmed with silver braid, and was assisted in the tea room by Mrs. R. J. Reddie, Miss Minnie Reddie, Miss Gertrude Gibson and Miss Flossie Toms. The drawing and tea-rooms were charmingly decorated with fresh spring flowers and ferns. The adored wee son of the house was very much in evidence, and proved an unfailing source of interest to the ladies present.

Mrs. O'Donnovan of St. Vincent street left last week for New York, where she intends taking a post-graduate course at one of the large hospitals there. She will be very much missed by her many friends and also by her church, where she was an active worker.

A pretty wedding was celebrated on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of Mr. C. H. C. Wright, 524 Bathurst street, when Miss Lillian Turnbull was married to Mr. Alexander Gordon of Pickering. Rev. Alexander Gilray performed the ceremony. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. James Turnbull, her bridesmaid was Miss Braydon of Guelph and the groomsman was Mr. J. F. Turnbull.

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Several very pretty small luncheons have gathered jolly little parties of women together this week. The story of the week is one of Lenten discipline,

which seems to tickle the matrons to the point of hysterics. 'Tis truly marvelous where the stories come from which are aired at the matrons' luncheons. They are always racy, you may be sure!

The Wednesday Club had a most interesting meeting at Mrs. Price-Brown's handsome residence in Carlton street this week. Mrs. Alton Garrett sang most successfully.

Last Saturday evening Mr. Jack Creel had a "not out" party at Parklands, of which the boys and girls are telling me the most lovely things.

I hear Mr. and Mrs. Mullens leave Toronto for New York in the near future.

Fashionable theater-goers are having treats in unusual places these days. Last week society went to the Toronto Opera House to see Tess, and this week Cyrano is drawing them to the Princess. Crowded houses were for each performance, and the conservative Grand is not having it all its own way.

I hear there are prospects of the Toronto Athletic Club being opened again soon. About one thousand names are subscribed already to the new arrangement.

A well known Toronto lady is blossoming out as an authoress under a plangent nom de plume, whose friends will be much surprised when they discover her identity. In the meantime she is enjoying the success and raking in the shekels which have rewarded her brilliant efforts.



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